

FRANK LESLIE'S
WEEKLY CHRONICLE
NEWS PAPER

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

No. 1,024—VOL. XL.]

NEW YORK, MAY 15, 1875.

[PRICE 10 CENTS. \$1.00 YEARLY.
12 WEEKS, \$1.00.



WEIGHED IN THE BALANCE.

UNCLE SAM—"Well, these two great roosters seem to be evenly balanced, although one has been well plucked of its fine feathers."

COCHRANE—"But here's a chicken, gam' at that, and growing fast enough soon to turn the scale. As Schurz says, 'the mass of independent voters are to-day strong enough to give the victory to either party which they may deem deserving of it and on whose side they may unite!'"

CONKLING crows out—"I'm sure I could make the Democrats kick the beam if the Republicans would only nominate me for President!"

U. S. G.—"That chicken, after all, is bigger and heavier than we thought. I wonder on whose side it will be put?"

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
587 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, MAY 15, 1875.

TERMS TO SUBSCRIBERS.

One copy one year, or 52 numbers	\$4.00
One copy six months, or 26 numbers	2.00
One copy for thirteen weeks	1.00

CLUB TERMS.

Five copies one year, in one wrapper, to one address, \$20, with extra copy to person getting up club.

POSTAGE FREE.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is the oldest established Illustrated newspaper in America.

OUR NEW STORY.

Thousands of readers have been thrilled by that fascinating tale of the sea, "The Doom of the Albatross," which is concluded in our present Number. They will be equally interested in the new story, "OPPOSITE NEIGHBORS," which, according to our announcement last week, we begin to publish to-day. If, in the former, the light of romance gilds life on the ocean wave, in the latter it gilds life ashore.

EFFECTUAL CALLING IN POLITICS.

IT is a saying of Coleridge that the germs of all modern political philosophy may be found in the speeches and writings of Edmund Burke. It is because he had the rare faculty of thinking *en grand*, and illuminated every subject which he discussed with cross-lights drawn from the realms of reason and experience, that his discourses sometimes seemed so irksome and prolix to that large class of men whose political prevision is not able to reach very far beyond the swap of the next pawn upon the chess-board of "practical politics." And yet it is this philosophic statesman (who so often "went on refining" when the thoughts of his auditors were turned only towards the dinner from which he was keeping them) that has not scrupled to leave behind him the deliberate opinion that all political virtue which is discovered to be impracticable declares itself by that very fact to be spurious as well as exquisite.

No man ever had a more lofty disdain than he for the whole tribe of vulgar politicians who turn the noble science and art of government into a trade which is vile and mechanical; who, as he says, "think there is nothing worth pursuit but that which they can handle—which they can measure with a two-foot rule and tell upon ten fingers." And yet this same man, as if to guard against the besetting sins of speculative philosophers on the one hand and of "sophisters, economists and calculators" on the other, has elsewhere declared that the public man "who omits to put himself in a situation of doing his duty with effect" commits a capital blunder which "frustrates the purposes of his task almost as much as if he had formally betrayed it."

We have been reminded of Burke's well-balanced doctrine under this head by some discussions which took place at the complimentary dinner recently given by some distinguished gentlemen in this city to the Hon. Carl Schurz. So far as the discussions at that dinner had for their object to honor the commanding talents and to commemorate the brilliant public services of that eminent statesman, it seems to us that not a word was said in the way of exaggeration. Many of the sterling and solid qualities which the world has learned to admire in the genius of Burke have found a fresh illustration in the fervid eloquence, enlightened counsel and unselfish patriotism which Mr. Schurz has brought to the discharge of his duties as a Senator of the United States and as a tribune of the people. The loss of such a man to the public service deserves to be held and considered as nothing less than a public calamity. We can ill afford to lose in the National Senate the mild lustre of that copious scholarship with which he was wont to adorn its deliberations, and still less can we afford to lose the guiding light that he never failed to shed upon any topic of political concern which he essayed to discuss.

But when it is attempted to lay all responsibility for this loss at the doors of "King Caucus," and when the alleged inadequacy of our existing parties to recognize the talents or utilize the services of such a man is made the ground of appeal for the formation of new political confederations, it may be proper for us to ask whether the result which we so much deplore in the case of the Missouri Senator may not have proceeded, in part at least, from the absence of that executive faculty for politics which Burke has commended as the indispensable adjunct of all practical statesmanship.

Lamenting as we most sincerely do the retirement of Mr. Schurz from the post of dignity and service which he so long held in the eyes of the nation, and the duties of which he performed with equal honor to himself and usefulness to the country, we might have satisfied ourselves with simply joining in the tribute that has been recently paid to his exalted public and private character, if the occasion

had not been seized by some of his admirers for the purpose of propounding a rule of political duty which requires to be carefully guarded, lest it may again result, as it has already resulted, in defeating the very aspirations which Mr. Schurz and his coadjutors have most at heart. Parties, we know, are made for men, and not men for parties; but it is equally true that parties are made for the country and not the country for the maintenance and multiplication of parties. We do not wonder, as Burke did not wonder in his day, that the behavior of parties should often make "persons of tender and scrupulous virtue somewhat out of humor with all sorts of connection in politics." We admit, as Burke admitted, that people frequently acquire in such confederacies "a narrow, bigoted and proscriptive spirit, and that they are apt to sink the idea of the general good in a circumscribed and partial interest." But, as the British statesman was careful to subjoin, it may often be our duty rather to "keep free from the evils of a critical situation than to fly from the situation itself."

"An acre in Middlesex," says Macaulay, "is worth a whole principality in Nephelococcygia," and if we would plant effective blows full in the face of any giant error or of any inveterate political wrong, we must plant our feet on the solid ground, and not in the cloudland of Aristophanes. It is quite true, as Mr. Schurz alleges, that both the Democratic and the Republican parties partake largely in the errors and infirmities incident to all human organizations. It is quite true, as he alleges, that there is much in the record of each to which the candid mind must take just exception, especially if, as he intimates, the errors and crimes committed by the Democratic Party in its *ante-bellum* days are to be set off against the errors and crimes which the Republican Party is now committing before our eyes. But when all this has been said and conceded, it seems to us that such a theory of political pessimism as he inculcates is hardly adequate to meet the wants of the living present in which we are called to act as "men who have understanding of their times."

There is no more fatuous proceeding under the sun than that of the political Babel-builders, who say, "Go to, now, let us build us a party which shall be based on truth without the least admixture of error, and which shall be composed of patriots without the least intrusion of self-seekers and hypocrites." Such an attempt can lead only to a new confusion of tongues, and a new dispersion of the people. We are glad, therefore, to observe that Mr. Schurz carefully abstains from making any such recommendation to that large class of our fellow-citizens who, not being entirely satisfied with either of the leading political organizations now in presence of each other, are anxiously asking the Websterian question, "Where shall we go?" He advises that "the independent men" of the country should speedily concert some form of distinct organization, "so that when the time arrives they may be well prepared to act with united power upon the existing parties by their moral pressure; or, if necessary, may act without them." Honoring as we do the manly instinct and patriotic aspiration by which this advice is prompted, and grateful as we are for the purifying presence of the "Independent voter" in American politics, we none the less take the liberty of saying that it is impossible to conceive of a more difficult situation than that assigned by Mr. Schurz to the nebulous political body he contemplates. There is danger, too, that such a "half-way house" as he projects would be soon converted into a very *refugium peccatorum* for "the disbandered race of deserters and vagabonds" who had worn out their usefulness in the one or the other of the great competing political parties. The recent and the remoter history of our politics is full of instruction on this point. The *Tertium Quid* of the Jeffersonian era live only in the political satires of that day. The hopeful movement of the Liberal Republicans in 1872, as Mr. Schurz well remembers, came to grief rather from being too comprehensive than from being too select, for the unwieldy number and heterogeneous quality of the "comeouters" represented in the Cincinnati Convention compelled a fateful compromise alike in the selection of a candidate and in the declaration of fundamental principles. And hence it is that many "Independent Republicans"—the great majority, doubtless, of those Republicans who are dissatisfied with the dominant party—have now seen that they could best exert their "moral pressure" on the Democratic Party by entering its ranks *without sacrificing their "independence."* They propose to hasten the process of fermentation by bringing their leaven into contact with the meal. Mr. Schurz proposes to keep the leaven in a separate case by itself, at the risk of getting spoiled, and with the certainty of making no bread. "There is," says Burke, "courageous wisdom; there is also a false, reptile prudence, the result not of caution, but of fear." Mr. Schurz is too great and brave to sympathize with the latter.

OUR AMERICAN CARDINAL.

ON Tuesday the 27th ultimo, New York witnessed an event—was the scene of an imposing and significant ceremony—which

commanded the attention of the world. On that day, and amid all the pomp and solemnity which the Church of Rome knows so well how to use, John McCloskey, the Archbishop of New York, was invested with the *berretta* and formally elevated to the dignity of Cardinal and Prince of the Roman Church.

The investiture of a Cardinal is always an event of some importance, especially to the community immediately affected. Even in Catholic countries it is of comparatively rare occurrence; and of all the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, none more fully reveals the beauty, the pomp, the splendor of her ritual. From variety of causes, however, the investiture of Dr. McCloskey was an event of more than ordinary importance. It was the first honor of the kind which Rome had conferred on the Church in the United States. Such a gift—the gift of a Cardinal—from Rome was felt by every child of the Church to be a personal favor. The entire Church was jubilant with joy. They loved the Holy Father, and his gift filled their souls with delight. They loved their Archbishop, and his elevation to the Cardinalate gladdened their hearts. It was, therefore, in the truest sense a glad occasion. Never did more eager crowds seek admission to a sacred edifice. Never did worshipers more devout bow before the altar. Never, perhaps, in all the past was there more sympathy of soul between priests and people. It was a service in which form was conspicuous, which revealed in a striking manner all the power, beauty and attractiveness of Roman ritualism, yet such was the enthusiasm of the vast audience, such the solemnity, the deep devotion of feeling, the felt presence and power of things invisible, that the form was lost sight of. It was a day of which the Catholic population of New York city and neighborhood, and indeed, the entire Catholic community throughout the United States, have just cause to be proud. The day, with what it brought, was an honor to them; and it is but fair to say that they honored the day in return.

A live Cardinal, however, is somewhat of a novelty in the midst of us. What to expect from him—what to do with him—how to find a place for a prince in our republican system, are questions to which not unnaturally many are busy trying to find solutions. There are those who see in this advent of a Cardinal a first proof of the growing power and aggressive spirit of the Roman Church. Of course our liberties are in danger. Romanism is to overrun this Continent. Priestcraft is again to be in the ascendant; and our boasted religious liberty is to be crushed out by the heel of its ancient enemy. There are others who see in it evidence unmistakable of the decadence, not exactly of Republican virtue, but of Republican simplicity, which is the safeguard of virtue. The Cardinal, we are told, is a prince. As a prince, he must find a place in our social system. We are reminded of Cardinal Cullen, who, after the Lord Lieutenant, takes precedence of all other dignitaries, civil and ecclesiastical, in Dublin—on one occasion preceding the Prince of Wales himself; and we are sagely reminded that the gulf is not wide between the Cardinal and the Cesar. For ourselves, we apprehend no such danger from our American Cardinal. We do not deny that we see evidence of the power, perseverance and industry of Rome. Change after change passes over her, but the increasing years neither tarnish her splendor nor diminish her strength. "Great and respected before the Saxons had set foot upon Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca," the Roman Church bids fair to maintain her proud position when the empires of the present, like the empires of old, shall have passed into oblivion. But Rome has come under new conditions; her temporal power is broken, and if she is to maintain her existence or to make conquests in the future, it must be by the use of spiritual, not carnal, weapons. In the United States, even if the Roman Church were more aggressive than she has shown herself to be, we have nothing to fear. To her, as to all other ecclesiastical bodies, the field is open. The State must protect, but it may not—it dare not—patronize. If, in the race with other Churches, she wins, the praise will be all her own. But with some thirty-four millions of Protestants, as against some seven or eight millions of Catholics, it is simply absurd for us to associate danger to our religious liberties with the appointment of an American Cardinal. The danger which is supposed by some to threaten our civil liberties from the same source, is quite unreal. Cardinal McCloskey has no new power which he had not before. Any argument which could be validly urged against the Cardinal might be equally urged against the Bishop and the Archbishop. The archiepiscopal throne is surely quite as contagious as the *berretta*, or the cardinal's hat; and Cardinal John McCloskey is not the man who will either by word or deed, either by ostentatious pomp or claim of precedence, do injury to our republican institutions.

It is noteworthy that the press, both secular and religious, have treated this affair of the Cardinalate with much calmness, with kindness of feeling, and with good taste. What opposition there has been, has been made the subject of private conversation rather than of editorial articles. There has been no loud call of alarm, such as periodically is heard in

England on the slightest provocation from Rome. Are we not safe in drawing the inference that, as there has been no loud cry of danger, the feeling is that no danger exists? At the present moment the condition of the United States presents a striking contrast to the condition of Germany. Prince Bismarck dreads the Church, and puts forth all his immense power to hold it in check. Bishops are fined and imprisoned, and stringent laws are passed restraining their liberty and robbing them of their incomes. Here our Protestant population look on the signs of the growing prosperity of the Catholic Church, if not with approbation, at least with indifference; for the growers, after all, are but few in number. Why this difference between Germany and the United States? The answer is obvious. There the State supports the Church, and the Church owes, in return, allegiance to the State. Here, the State is free and the Church is free. Between the two there is no unholy alliance. The line of separation is clear, distinct and unmistakable. The Church has one sphere of action, the State has another. It is the alliance of Church and State which constitutes Germany's difficulty. It is the absence of this alliance which gives us our security. In this matter we are ahead of all the nations of the earth. Our example is rapidly telling on Great Britain. The State Church is gone in Ireland. It is doomed in both Scotland and England. The question is becoming ripe for final solution in Germany; and one certain result of the present ecclesiastical laws will be the separation of Church and State. Sooner or later the principle will be understood and followed the wide world over; and then, but not till then, will the causes of religious strife be removed, and a new era of peace and goodwill must dawn upon the nations.

We congratulate Cardinal McCloskey on the position which he has won—a position to which his labors and talents entitle him, and which his spotless character will adorn. We congratulate our Catholic fellow-citizens on their increasing prosperity, and because of the recognition which they have received from the head of the Church. We congratulate the American people generally because of this fresh illustration which it has been their privilege to give to the world that the great republic of the West is indeed the home of civil and religious liberty.

CANAL PROBLEMS.

THE successful maintenance of the canal system throws on the State of New York the task of solving several most difficult problems, both theoretical and practical. It is a momentous circumstance that at the present time so many of these formidable questions are before the public for settlement, the arrangements made in former years having, without exception, proved unsatisfactory. The objections to the prosecution by Government of great public works were never more forcibly brought home than they have been to disinterested observers by the half-century's experience of the State of New York with her canals. We are firm believers in the old Jeffersonian doctrine that the State should not undertake what can possibly be accomplished by private enterprise. Admitting that the Erie Canal could never have been built by private capital, it does not follow that the State could not have advantageously relieved itself from the task of running it and keeping it in order. The canal of Languedoc, constructed in the reign of Louis XIV., cost the French a sum of money which is nearly equivalent to the cost of building the Erie Canal, estimating in each case by the quantity of labor and materials the money would command at the time it was expended. When that great work was finished, the most likely method, it was found, of keeping it in repair was to make a present of the tolls to Riquet, the engineer who planned and constructed the work, and these tolls long constituted a very large estate for the different branches of the family of that gentleman, who had, therefore, a great interest to keep the work in constant repair. Whether such an arrangement would have been found advantageous in the case of our canals is open to discussion; but certain it is that the system actually adopted has given birth to immense inefficiency and robbery, and has inflicted heavy taxation on the people.

The two Bills before the Legislature, the one providing for the appointment by the Governor of an Inspector of Public Works, and the other, giving the Governor power to suspend from the performance of their duties the State Engineer, Canal Commissioners, or any other member of the Canal Board, proceed on the idea of centralizing power, to the end that more effectual resistance may be made to the designs of such rogues as the Governor has recently unmasked. It appears, however, that the despotic Government of Louis XIV. preferred to make a gift of the Languedoc Canal to the engineer, rather than undertake the difficult task of maintaining that work. The Governors of the State of New York have not always been men of the Tilden stamp, and it will be dangerous to place too much dependence upon the energy, integrity and courage of the chief magistrate, who will always have ten thousand things to do besides looking after the canals. It cannot possibly be doubted that one head is better

than a dozen, but who will guarantee that the proposed Inspector will in all cases be a fit man for the place? But the change will unquestionably be a step in the right direction.

If the proper system of management be a question of great difficulty, the right adjustment of the tolls is not less perplexing. To put the tolls below the rates which will pay the expenses of maintenance and superintendence is to offer a bounty to those who send their grain and lumber by the canal. To tax the farmers of this State in order that the grain of Illinois and Wisconsin may be sold a few cents cheaper in New York is a double imposition on them, compelling them to pay more in taxes, and at the same time to sell their produce cheaper. It is only by selling their produce that they raise the money by which they support themselves and pay their taxes.

Within five years fifteen million dollars have been raised by taxation for the support of the canals, and these taxes are exactly of the same nature as the protective duties imposed on the country for the encouragement of the manufacturers. If the trade of New York requires to be encouraged by a bounty on the export of wheat, it becomes essentially of the same nature as the protected manufacturers of New England and Pennsylvania, which, though they inflict immense damage on the foreign trade of the country by exorbitant taxes on imports and injure three-fourths of the people, are yet in a wretchedly miserable state themselves. But if the canal carries wheat at a rate of toll which does not pay the cost of maintenance and repairs, the real meaning of the arrangement is a bounty paid by the taxpayers of the State to the grain-dealers.

We have serious doubts whether, all things considered, the railroads cannot now carry wheat from Chicago and Milwaukee to New York and Baltimore at less cost than that of water transportation. Every additional ton of freight moved by the great trunk lines is carried at less cost than the average expense per ton of moving the smaller quantity. For example, if the average cost per ton of moving five million tons is two cents per mile, an extra million tons can probably be moved for one cent per mile, bringing the average of the six millions down to \$1.83—and so on for the next million. We very much fear that the enterprising persons who are so vigorously advocating lower canal tolls, in the face, too, of canal taxes to the tune of three million dollars a year, have not investigated the cost of moving grain by railroad. If, however, the canal is to be supported as an instrument for compelling the railroads to carry grain at the lowest rates possible, we are of opinion that to execute the plan successfully will be found by all odds the most difficult problem of all. It is notorious that the closing months of the last season of navigation were disastrous for the canal interests. The transportation lines and the individual owners of canal-boats did not begin to pay expenses. The tolls paid to the State fell off \$410,000—more than twenty-five per cent—from the middle of August to the close of navigation, early in December, the comparison being made with the corresponding period of 1873. This year navigation will be resumed under conditions still more unfavorable to the canal-boats. The price of grain is low, the whole amount of produce and merchandise of all kinds seeking transportation to tide-water not sufficient to give full employment to the railroads, and a desperate competition under full headway between the Baltimore and Ohio and the other lines, one effect of which is the establishment already of rates between the lake ports and the seaboard below the actual cost of water transportation. It is not our intention to do anything beyond pointing out the more salient points of the situation. Experience will certainly settle the disputed points, uninfluenced by the clamor and trap of interested parties. Without experience, the most consummate sagacity might well shrink from predicting the issue.

GOLD QUOTATIONS FOR WEEK ENDING MAY 1, 1875.

Monday.....	115 $\frac{1}{4}$ @ 115 $\frac{1}{4}$	Thursday.....	115 $\frac{1}{4}$ @ 115 $\frac{1}{4}$
Tuesday.....	115 $\frac{1}{4}$ @ 115 $\frac{1}{4}$	Friday.....	115 $\frac{1}{4}$ @ 115 $\frac{1}{4}$
Wednesday.....	115 $\frac{1}{4}$ @ 115 $\frac{1}{4}$	Saturday.....	115 $\frac{1}{4}$ @ 115 $\frac{1}{4}$

EDITORIAL NOTES.

OSHKOSH AND MONTPELIER, by their destructive fires, teach the same lesson—that only fireproof buildings should be permitted within the precincts of American cities.

PRESIDENT GRANT has been a very liberal master in bestowing first-rate characters upon his discharged servants. Schuyler Colfax, Henry D. Cooke, Tom Murphy and Landauet Williams, all have pretty certificates to show. But who will give Grant a character when Uncle Sam discharges him?

JUDGE BLATCHFORD, whose righteous decision assured to Charles A. Dana, editor of the *Sun*, his victory over the Washington Ring, of which Grant and Shepherd are "king-pins," is eulogized by the press generally as "an impartial, Ring-defying, fearless official." The entire press of the country is affected by that decision.

ROTTEN PAVEMENT—**ROTTEN ADMINISTRATION**. The Grant-Shepherd Washington Ring laid fifty-eight miles of wood pavement, all of which is rotting rapidly; considerable has already been taken up, and other large portions, as on Pennsylvania Avenue, have been repaired several times. It is now estimated that all of this rotting wood

pavement will have to be taken up and removed in two years, or at the same time as the removal of the rotten Grant-Shepherd Administration.

SMOKING THE PIPE OF PEACE.—A grand council of all the Indian tribes of Indian Territory assembled at Okmulgee, the capital of the Territory, on May 3d. A praiseworthy attempt was to be made to conciliate all warlike Indians and to restore peace without bloodshed.

CAMBALLO, Mr. Vyner's bay colt, won the Two Thousand Guinea Stakes—the first of the great three-year old stakes of the season of 1875—contested for at Newmarket, April 28th, the second day of the First Spring Meeting. The winner ran for the first time as a three-year-old; but it had run in public eight times as a two-year-old, scoring four "wins."

NOT A GHOST OF A SHOW.—The *Milwaukee News* is confident that the reform element of the Republican Party will not stand a ghost of a show in controlling the National Convention which will nominate the next Republican candidate for President. That candidate will be either Grant or the man chosen by Grant, and supported by the influences which are now in favor of a third term, if it can be made successful.

MAYOR WICKHAM's nominations for vacancies in the city commissions were sent in to the Board of Alderman, May 1st, and were confirmed without opposition. The nominees were: J. N. Hayward for Tax Commissioner; J. O'Donohue for Commissioner of Parks; General W. F. Smith for Commissioner of Police; V. C. King for Fire Commissioner; H. F. Dimock for Dock Commissioner; E. G. Jane-way for Health Commissioner, and Townsend Cox (renominated) for Commissioner of Charities and Correction.

IMPORTANT IF TRUE.—It has been arranged among the Republican leaders, according to a dispatch from Washington, April 28th, to the *Sun*, that a considerable number of them shall meet in that city within the next fortnight for the purpose of waiting upon President Grant in a body, and insisting on his signing a letter renouncing all idea of a third term. Senator Frelinghuysen and Mr. Carpenter are prominent in this affair, but their associates are sufficiently numerous and influential to make as strong an impression upon Grant's mind as it is capable of receiving. They are convinced that it is the third term which has ruined the Republican Party, and that a complete and irrevocable abandonment of it is the only way of salvation for them.

THE SPLENDID UNIFORM of the Papal Guard, worn by Count Marefoschi, was invented by Michael Angelo. It is noteworthy that this uniform and the court costume of the First Empire, said to have been devised by Napoleon I., are the only two exceptions to the fact that no official dress worn by Europeans was originally invented or imposed as a specific and official costume. No liturgical scholar of repute has questioned the truth of this statement for more than two hundred years, so far as the ecclesiastical vestments of the Christian Church are concerned. Those vestments are, undeniably, of lay origin. In all cases except the two above mentioned, uniforms and costumes have first grown naturally, and then stopped still when other fashions changed.

AMERICAN INSTITUTE.—The Members' Amendment Bill to the charter of the American Institute, securing the rights of the membership to control its affairs by the annual election of the entire board of thirteen trustees, and a board of twenty-one managers, and prescribing the method by which new members can be admitted, for the election of three inspectors of election, a board of three auditors, and authorizing the challenge and swearing in of suspected voters, and some minor checks, passed the Assembly on Friday evening of last week by the decisive majority of 66 to 11, or 6 to 1. This bill should pass the Senate without delay, as it is just right, and imperatively demanded by the great body of the four thousand members of the corporation, and has no political bearings whatever.

THE FREE PROGRESS of the Catholic Church in this country is thus expatiated upon in one of the many congratulatory addresses received by the Cardinal-Archbishop—that from the Xavier Alumni Sodality, an association of Catholic young men in this city: "Here, untrammeled by the alliance or the opposition of the State, it labors without fear or favor for the harvest of souls. Its wonderful progress in the brief century which has elapsed since the establishment of the republic illustrates at once its divine energy and its perfect compatibility with the most advanced form of civil liberty. It is but eighty-six years since the first Episcopal See was erected in this country. Eighteen years later (1808) there were but sixty-eight priests, and, in a population of 6,500,000, but 100,000 Catholics, or one sixty-fifth of all. To-day, in a population of 38,000,000, there are 7,000,000 Catholics, or nearly one-fifth of all. Where the population has increased six-fold the Church has grown seventy-fold.

THE FOLLOWING STATISTICS of the French metropolis are interesting: Paris has within its walls 63,963 houses, of which 334 are in process of construction, and 1,947 uninhabited. The official figures show that the entire population numbers 1,851,792. These inhabitants live in 61,622 houses, of which 694 are public establishments, which give an average of 30 persons to each house, or 32 if we take into calculation the floating population, which is daily estimated at 135,000 persons. Each house contains about 11 apartments or chambers to rent, for the number of rooms or apartments rented, or to rent, number 694,695, of which 65,257 are vacant, and 92,161 rented for commercial or industrial purposes. This gives an average of 3 persons to each apartment, rented or to rent. All of these constructions are upon 3,619 streets, boulevards, places or quais, forming the public highway, and upon 78,020,000 square metres of ground. Some of the streets are very long, but they do not at all compare in length with those of New York and other American cities.

"INDEPENDENT VOTERS" have so increased and multiplied during the past two years as to puzzle politicians, both Republican and Democratic. Nevertheless, the *New York Evening Post*, in

alluding to the new Presidential departure indicated by or for the Liberal Republicans as a third party, at the complimentary dinner to Carl Schurz on the 27th ult., says: "It was a remarkable presence of some of the speakers—we refer particularly to Mr. Adams—that it is possible for a third party to be organized under the title of 'Independents,' that shall alternately favor one or the other of the two great parties which always contend for the supremacy. The assumption that a third party can long exist in such a relation to the other two is contrary to all political experience. It must inevitably yield to bad control, or modify one of the two so as to merge in it, or else dwindle into insignificance. In any event its mission and career are bound to be temporary. Independence of partisan control on the part of the individual voter is one thing, but the permanent organization of a body of voters to be bid for like goods at an auction sale is something very different."

THE SPLENDID SPECTACLE in St. Patrick's Cathedral, during the investiture of the Cardinal Archbishop, emphasized the date of a new departure for the Catholic Church in the United States. It was in itself historical, and it also evoked many historical souvenirs, more or less incongruous. Not the least curious of these were the facts that Odet de Châtillon, eldest brother of the famous and unfortunate Admiral Coligny, was Bishop of Beauvais at sixteen, a Cardinal at seventeen, and a politician, wary, persuasive and far-seeing, at twenty; that he subsequently professed the Reformed religion, married Elizabeth de Hauteville, and retained the cardinal's hat and the episcopal revenues while calling himself Count of Beauvais; that at his marriage he wore his cardinal's robes, and that he appeared dressed in them, and with him his wife, at the coronation of Charles IX. If Cardinals do not themselves marry, nowadays, after the old French fashion of Cardinal Odet de Châtillon, and the modern instance of Father Hyacinthe, they are not unmindful of St. Paul the Apostle's decree, that "marriage is honorable in all," save where it is precluded by ecclesiastical oaths of celibacy, or by other weighty obstacles. This is clearly shown by the fact that among the earliest acts of the new Cardinal Archbishop of New York are recorded two marriages—one at St. Stephen's church, uniting Miss Nelly Murphy, Ex-Collector Murphy's daughter, and Mr. de Rivas, a Spanish-American resident of the city, and the other at Gramercy Park Hotel, uniting Miss Marie Elise Niles (daughter of the late Nathaniel Niles, formerly American *Charge d'Affaires* at Turin, and husband of Eugene Sue's father's widow) and General Adam Badeau, former chief of General Grant's staff, and now United States Consul-General at London.

THE MEMORIAL MATINEE at Daly's Fifth Avenue Theatre, April 28th, for the benefit of the widow and children of the late Dan Bryant, began with an address by Rev. O. B. Frothingham, who manifestly stands in no dread of Rev. Dr. Talmage's anathemas. "Ladies and gentlemen," said Mr. Frothingham, "a clergyman comes before you to speak of an actor, although the two professions were long at variance, and have exchanged many hard blows. But as the clergy have suffered, perhaps, less than the actors, I claim no credit for magnanimity. On the contrary, I am happy to do honor to one who was a good and generous man. Our departed friend was a fine comedian as well as a minstrel. I wish that I had ever done him as much good as he often did me. He was a benefactor in the noblest sense of the word. His minstrel hall was a temple of innocent mirth, and with joyous laughter he did his good work in aiding to

"Cleanse the foul bosom of that perilous stuff
That weighs upon the heart."

Although a fortune passed through his hands, his widow and children now depend upon our benevolence, because he was always ready to give to those who were in need, and was never able to keep the money of which poorer men were in want."

Refuting the libels upon the drama originated by those who know nothing of the profession, the reverend gentleman concluded his eloquent address by saying that, when a great prima donna died, Mozart declared that "the angels needed another voice"; and although poor Dan Bryant's minstrelsy was not so seraphic, it was, at least, that still small voice of genial love and sympathy without which even a celestial choir might seem to us inharmonious." Another peculiar feature of this matinee was that most of the ladies present were dressed in deep mourning in memory of the dead minstrel.

"**A SORT OF EXTRA-POPE**?"—"Is that the Cardinal-Archbishop's palace?" we asked of a stalwart policeman who was standing at the corner opposite No. 218 Madison Avenue, on the memorable 27th of April. "Yes," was the reply; "but I believe he's going to be promoted to-day to be a sort of extra-Pope!" The policeman's confusion of ideas as to the newly-conferred dignity of the amiable prelate has been shared by many American citizens. We have already had occasion to correct mistakes on this point in several journals, both secular and religious. The *Sun* has rendered a similar service to a correspondent who quotes a statement of the *Sun* that cardinals "hold the rank of princes," and also Article XIII of the Constitution, which provides that "if any citizen of the United States shall accept, claim, receive or retain any title of nobility or honor, or shall, without the consent of Congress, accept or retain any present, pension, office, or emolument of any kind whatever from any emperor, king, prince, or foreign power, such person shall cease to be a citizen of the United States, and shall be incapable of holding any office of trust or profit under them or either of them."

The correspondent adds: "It would appear, therefore, that Cardinal McCloskey has lost his citizenship, and query, does not his real estate escheat to the State?" To which the *Sun* responds: "The phrase of our article quoted above is not accurate. A cardinal is not a prince. He is simply and exclusively an ecclesiastic of the highest rank, but one in the Roman Catholic Church. He has no princely title, and no political power. What is really meant in calling him a

prince is, that in the European order of social precedence he ranks with princes, just as an archbishop ranks with a duke. But, as an archbishop is not a duke, so a cardinal is not a prince. The case is similar to that of our navy and army officers. An admiral, for instance, is not a major-general by any means; and yet he ranks with one, whenever there is a question of social precedence or assimilated rank between the two services. There is nothing in being a cardinal that is contrary to the Constitution of the United States any more than in being an archbishop or a simple parish priest; and we add that it would probably be difficult to find among Americans, either of native or foreign birth, a more sincere and ardent patriot than Cardinal McCloskey."

NORTH AND SOUTH.—At Richmond, Va., on the night of April 28th, a large number of ex-Confederates, including general, field and staff officers, serenaded General W. F. Bartlett, of that city, but formerly of Massachusetts, in acknowledgment of his speech at the Lexington Centennial celebration. In his reply to a complimentary address by General Bradley T. Johnson, on the part of the Confederates, General Bartlett said: "The chief defect in the great fabric of our Union, which while it existed rendered a perfect harmony of interests impossible, has been rudely swept away, leaving a structure more permanent, more full of glorious possibilities, than our fathers dared to hope for. To cement this new Union on a sounder foundation and avail ourselves of the promises of the future is a solemn task well-fitted to these centennial years. As soldiers who fought the battle out in good faith, you can wield the strongest influence for peace and right. Your worst enemies at the South are the few men here and there who talk more bravely than they fought, and it is the same at the North; but the people there, tired of these politicians whose voices are still for war, are fast replacing them by men of less selfish purpose, whose views are bounded by no narrow lines of State or section or party, but who desire justice and prosperity for all. The war through which we passed developed and proved on both sides the noble qualities of American manhood. It has left to us soldiers once foes, now friends, a memory of hard-fought fields, of fearful sacrifices, of heroic valor, and it has taught us the lesson to be transmitted to our children that divided we are terrible, united we are for ever invincible." Everywhere the spirit and tone of the Union General Bartlett's speech at Lexington, and the Confederate General Evans's speech at Augusta, are heartily commended. The Philadelphia *Inquirer* declares, that if the press of the country would unite to scatter broadcast the noble, manly sentiments of the soldiers of the two armies, "a real peace would be quickly established between the North and South."

It adds: "Reconstruction and union, to be real, must be matters of feeling and interest, not of legislation. The North and South must begin to be just, one to the other—each to recognize the good there is in each, and to strive to become better acquainted. They only want to know each other better, to like each other better, and they only want the bitterness of the war to be forgotten to induce the South as well as the North to keep step to the music of the Union. And if Decoration-day shall bring this about, it should come to be considered the best of all the days in the year—the day which brought peace and goodwill to once warring brothers of North and South." The Springfield *Union* says: "Had the centennial era opened fifteen years ago, it is quite likely that the civil war would not have taken place or would have been postponed, on account of the exaltation of the patriotic sentiment. Perhaps it was better the war should come then and be got over with; but from the revival of the spirit of nationality and patriotic enthusiasm in the centennial season now upon us, we may confidently expect a beneficial and powerful influence in reuniting North and South in devotion to a common country."

THE TILTON-BEECHER TRIAL.

ON Monday, April 26th, the proceedings opened with the cross-examination of Mr. Partridge, after which Edward J. Wright was examined. The next witness was Mrs. Elizabeth La Pierre Palmer, whose examination and cross-examination caused a decided sensation, on account of her professions of being a spiritual medium and clairvoyant. The remaining portion of Monday's session was occupied in the examination of General Benjamin F. Tracy, one of the counsel for the defense.

Tuesday's session was very short, owing to the absence of Mr. Beach. The only person examined was J. Francis St. George, a clerk in the Custom House, who testified to having seen Theodore Tilton in the Rossetti parade in 1871.

On Wednesday General Tracy's examination was resumed. Mrs. E. J. Ovington was recalled by the plaintiff's counsel, and questioned in reference to the communications which passed between herself, Mr. Cleveland and Mrs. Tilton on the evening when Mr. Tilton appeared before the Investigating Committee.

On Thursday the direct examination of General Tracy closed, and Mr. Beach commenced the cross-examination of the witness, finishing during the morning session of Friday, when the defense rested. Mr. Beach stated that counsel for the plaintiff would make no objection to the production of Mrs. Tilton as a witness by the defense, but Mr. Everts declined to call her. The plaintiff's counsel then commenced the examination of witnesses for rebuttal. Mr. George W. Maddox and Mr. John Swinton testified as to Tilton's position in the Rossetti procession. The Court then adjourned until Monday May 3d.

OBITUARY RECORD.

APRIL 28th.—In Brooklyn, N. Y., Mrs. F. B. Conaway, lessee and manager of the Brooklyn Theatre, aged 40.

"**29th.**—At New Brighton, Staten Island, John C. Green, distinguished for his princely gifts to Princeton College and his services in behalf of the Union Army during the war, aged 78.

"**29th.**—At Elliottville, Staten Island, General Samuel M. Elliott, a distinguished cavalryman, and a soldier of the rebellion, aged 64.

"**30th.**—At his residence at Bayside, L. I., Hon. Oliver Charlck, a prominent politician and railroad manager, aged 66.

MAY 2d.—At Paris, France, Jean Frederic, Baron de Waldeck, traveler and artist, aged 109.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—See Page 155.



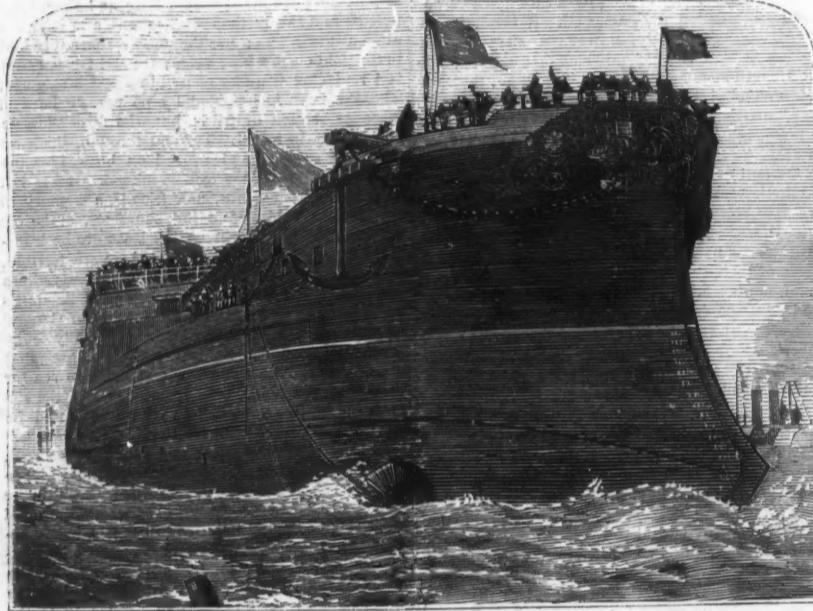
MISS ZARÉ THALBERG, AN AMERICAN OPERA-SINGER.



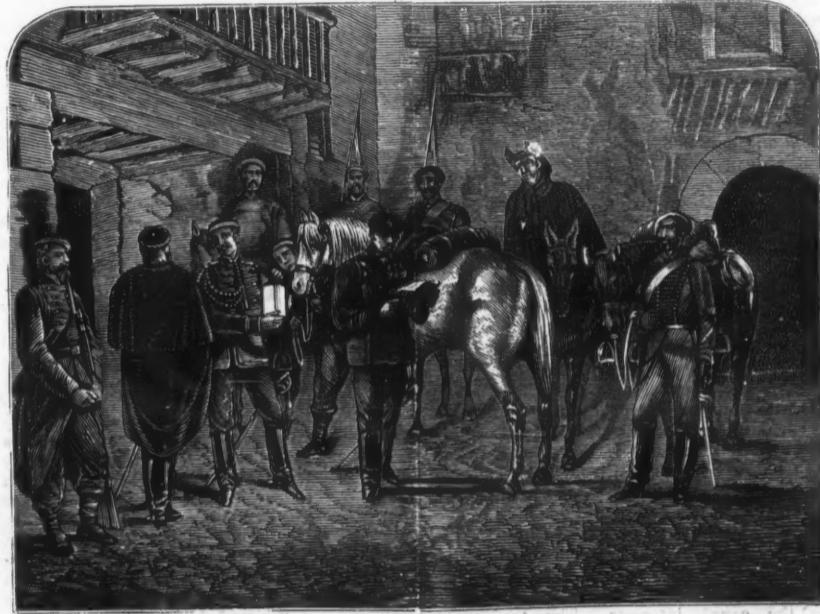
MR. HENRY BESSEMER, INVENTOR OF BESSEMER STEEL.



MISS ANTOINETTE STERLING, AN AMERICAN CONCERT-SINGER,
NOW IN LONDON.



ENGLAND.—LAUNCH OF H. M. S. "ALEXANDRA" AT CHATHAM DOCK-YARD.



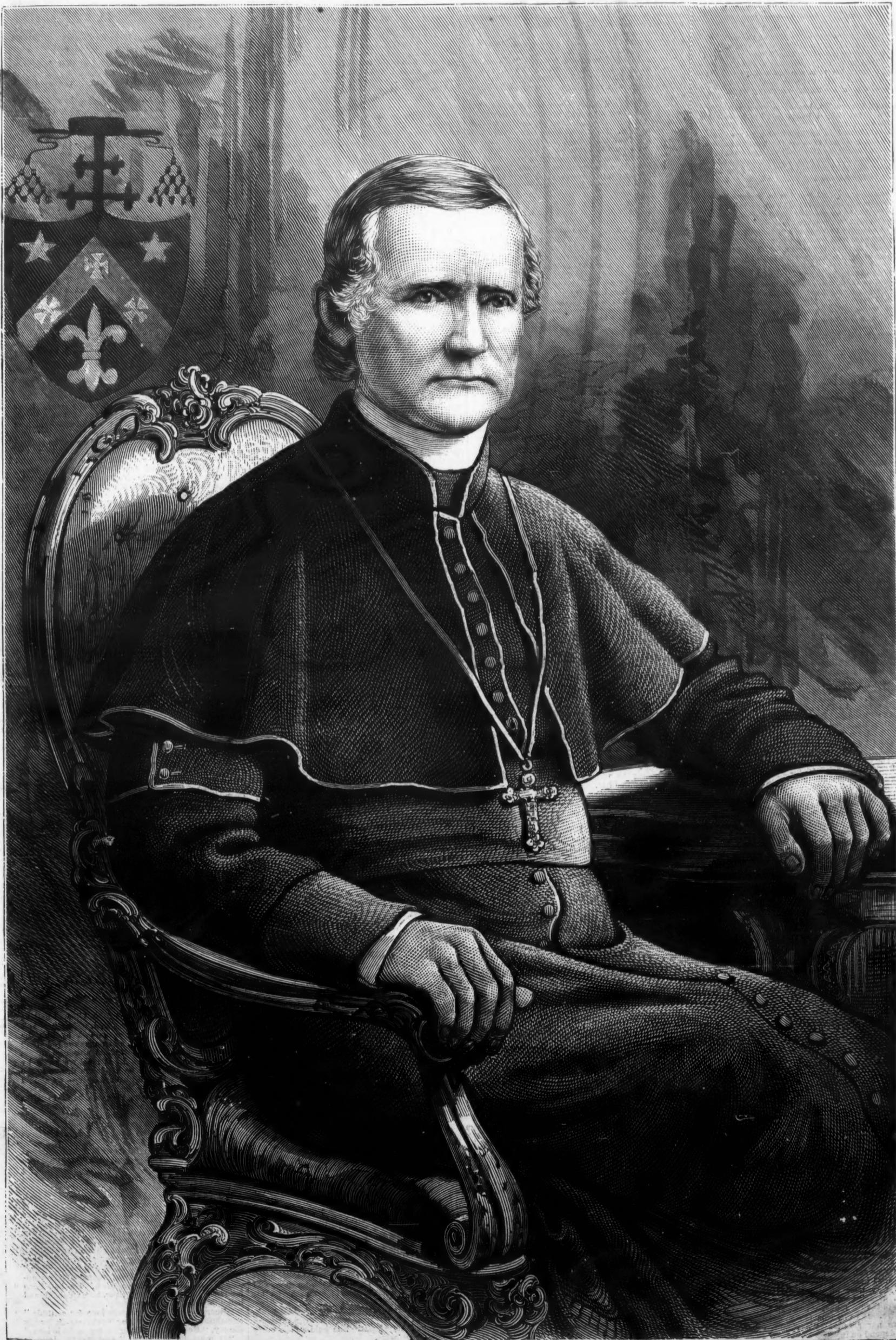
SPAIN.—THE CARLIST CHIEF EGANA RECEIVING DISPATCHES AT A VILLAGE IN THE PROVINCE
OF NAVARRE.



ENGLAND.—H. M. S. "ALEXANDRA"—THE PRINCESS OF WALES SETTING THE LAUNCHING MACHINERY
IN MOTION.



BRITISH CHANNEL.—CAPTAIN BOYTON'S TRIP—A CIGAR IN MID-CHANNEL.



HIS EMINENCE THE CARDINAL-ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK.—SEE PAGE 159.

THE MAGIC PITCHER.

BY

FORCEYTHE WILLSON.

I KNOW an ancient story of a maid who broke her golden pitcher at the well, and wept therefor; when came a voice that said, "Peace, sorrowing child; behold the magic spell Wherewith I make thy loss a certain gain!" Then through her tears she saw a shape of light Before her; and a lily, wet with rain Or dew, was in his hands—all snowy white.

Then stood the maiden, hushed in sweet surprise, And with her clasped hands held her heart-throbs down,

Beneath the wondrous brightness of his eyes Whose smile seemed to enwreathe her like a crown. He raised no hand; he gave no strange commands, But touched her eyes with tender touch and light, With charmed lips kissed apart her folded hands, And laid therein the lily, snowy white.

Then, as the south wind breathes in Summer lands, He breathed upon the lily bloom; and lo! Its curling leaves expanded in her hands, And shaped a magic pitcher white as snow, Gemmed with the living jewels of the dew, And brimmed with overflows of running light. Then came the voice, the mystic voice she knew:

"Drink of the lily waters pure and bright,

Thou little maiden by the well," it said,

"And give to all who thirst the waters cool;

So shall thy grieving heart be comforted;

So shall thy pitcher evermore be full!"

Then, as the sunlight fades in twilight wood,

He faded in the magic of the spell;

While mute with joy the little maiden stood,

Clasping her magic pitcher by the well.

Opposite Neighbors.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "NORA'S SACRIFICE," "SEED TIME AND HARVEST," ETC.

CHAPTER I.

HIGH up among the Welsh hills a tiny stream sparkled into life, waking the gray silence of the rocks with its joyous cradle-song, leaping and flashing through shadow and sun-shine, foaming and rushing down height and along bosky vale, till flowers broke into beauty on its banks—till the pleasant borderland was reached, and sounds of human beings mingled with its song.

Here, where Peace seemed to have ever made her dwelling, where the quiet village, clustering round a church, the sunny uplands, the stately homes of the Ingledons and St. Johns, divided by the river's shining stream, seemed hallowed by the presence of the white-winged angel, the Saxon and the Celt have struggled in many a wild affray. Not a pleasant pasture, or a hillside, or a dusky glen, but had its legend, linking the present to a terrible past, when the river ran red with human blood between the rival chieftains of the soil.

The ruined castle of the St. Johns crowned an eminence above the modern mansion, the white walls of which gleamed across the river; but the ancient home of the Ingledons was fashioned into a newer fabric by the knight who fought for good Queen Bess, and, softened and beautified by time, still stood, its wide windows looking on the boundary stream.

On every stone of Ingledon was stamped the look of home. Not alone was it a house—it was a home. The angel of life and death had crossed its threshold; Peace and Love sat beside the hearth, and memory hallowed each chamber with its spell. Sorrow had been a frequent visitor in past years. Father and mother had clasped their children's hands for the last time, and passed to a better world. The younger son of the house, light-hearted, noble Reginald, had joined his comrades, fighting for English households in India; and the shadow of suspense was dark on his sister's brow as she sat alone in the silence of the Summer afternoon, thinking of her soldier-brother, the pet lamb of the flock, her darling—loved with all the mother-love she might never give a child of her own.

Joan Ingledon was deformed. Scarcely of the stature of a child, with a wan face old beyond her eight-and-twenty years, lit by dark, lustrous, pitiful eyes, her only part in the Ingledon beauty, she sat in her own low chair by the window of the oak parlor—the room they all loved best—thinking of Reginald. His dog, a great black retriever, lay at her feet, blinking wisely at the sunshine, and lazily wagging his tail at the touch of Joan's small hand.

"Bruce, where is your master, old fellow?"

An energetic wag of the tail.

"Ah, who is so wise that can tell us that, Bruce? Who can say when his name shall be unanswered in the roll-call—when he may be summoned to the presence of his Captain on high? Bruce, dear old dog, shall we ever see your master again?"

Another responsive wag of the tail.

"Will he ever be among us again, his bright eyes and bonny smile making the sunshine of home? Will his footstep ever cross the threshold, his dear voice ever greet us more, Bruce?"

But Bruce had leaped up. The sound of voices and a girl's merry laugh rang through the Summer air, and the dog sprang through the open window and raced across the lawn.

Miss Ingledon stepped out on to the terrace. A boat was coming swiftly up the river, a young lady in a white dress steering. Two gentlemen were pulling. The elder, a man of about twenty-five, had thrown off his straw hat, and his face was glowing with animation. He was a strikingly handsome man, wonderfully like the young lady at the tiller. Both had the renowned Ingledon beauty of form and feature, and the dark eyes of Joan.

The third person in the boat was a sturdy, stalwart young man, with a brown, bright face, looking what he was—the son and heir of a wealthy squire, with more strength of body than of mind, and more heart than head. He was speaking.

"Sing another song, Alice, before we land," she said, pettishly.

"Why, Alice," laughed her brother, "these people at the Place seem to have affected your temper already."

"They have!" exclaimed Alice, giving the rudder a spiteful twist. "I know that they will be all that's horrid, and we shall have to be polite to them because they are poor old Mr. St. John's nephew and niece. I hate such near neighbors!"

"Not very near on a stormy day," said her brother, glancing across at the stately white mansion of the St. Johns. "But wait till to-morrow, sister mine. It's far from fair to condemn people you have never seen. We shall be very good friends, depend on it."

"Of course we shall be too friendly with this white-handed squire and his town-bred sister. Why

did Mr. St. John leave his money to a barrister? A pretty squire he'll make!"

"Poor Alice! How wroth you are with poor Mr. Arthur St. John! But steer to the bank, my dear; we must land now."

"When shall we three meet again—alone?" asked George Carlyn, echoing Alice's disconsolate tone as the boat touched the bank.

"*E tu Brute?*" returned Walter. "To satisfy Alice and you, I ought to revive the old family feud, and turn the *Water Lily* into a gunboat. As if the change of owners at the Place could affect us!"

George Carlyn did not answer. He was clever enough to know and feel his own deficiencies, and to understand the charm that talent and knowledge lend to a man. He was without that charm; he had nothing but his honest heart and handsome face to win a woman's love; and he feared, in all the humility of his simple nature, the little hand he would have given the world to gain might be won by another—by this silver-tongued barrister who had inherited the broad lands of the St. Johns.

Joan was waiting for them by the boat-house, and Sir Walter hailed her gayly.

"Here are George and Alice metaphorically lynching our new neighbors, Joan—condemning them without a trial! Too bad, isn't it?"

"What have they done thus to incur your displeasure?" asked Joan, merrily.

"Become our neighbors," returned Alice.

"That's my indictment against them."

"And yours, George?"

"Involuntary dislike," he answered, adding in a lower tone to Miss Ingledon, as they walked up the lawn, "I ought to say envy, Joan. Mr. St. John is very handsome; and one can discern he is awfully clever. Confound the fellow!"

Joan's soft eyes looked tenderly in the young man's face.

"Beauty and talent are powerful weapons in the battle of life; but love and truth are stronger, after all, George."

The stars had faded and the Summer night was brightening into dawn as Sir Walter and Bruce crossed the lawn on their early walk the following morning. The woods were still in shadow, but above the lark trilled forth his carol in the sunshine; and, as the young baronet passed under the trembling leaves, they caught a newer beauty from the growing light, and sent the golden glory on, till the flowers below awoke, the dew-drops glittered in the radiance and died—a fitting sacrifice on the shrine of morn—and the great laboratory of nature was filled with light and song.

Walter followed the course of the river till he had reached a little glen shadowed by a mighty chestnut. Here he and Reginald had built a seat years ago—a rough gnarled seat, carved by their boyish hands with the Ingledon crest and the family names—and the baronet sat down to finish sketch he was taking of the opposite bank, which rose, steep and precipitous, from a strip of sandy beach—a high, rugged cliff, broken into ravines, where trees had found soil and added the graceful beauty of their lives to their wild birthplace. The summit was a great moor, stretching away to join the plantations of the Place. A road stretched across it from the ferry just below, but it was lonely and dangerous along the cliff, and seldom used.

The two Ingledons had often crossed in their boat and climbed the cliff, and many of the trees which Walter's skillful pencil wrought into his picture were marked by his and Reginald's names. Memories of the past were woven with each stroke in his sketch; and the young baronet's handsome face grew sad as he thought of the changes that had broken up their happy household.

"What other memories will surround this spot ten years hence?" he said, half aloud.

As if in answer, the river was rippled by the dash of sculls, and a tiny skiff shot into view, and grounded on the beach below.

Only one person was in it—a girl in a dark blue dress fitting closely to her slender figure. Skillfully fastening the boat, she sat down on the bank, without seeing the baronet or his dog, and took off her broad-brimmed hat.

Guessing who she was, Walter looked with keen interest at her face. She was very young, but a weary look shaded the fire of her dark gray eyes, and deepened the lines around her handsome mouth, which told of trouble. There was little beauty in that pale, resolute face, yet Walter was seized with a desire to keep it in his remembrance, and with rapid strokes began to sketch. But no pencil could give its rare charm, the soul of the eyes and the sweet sensitive lips. In vain Walter tried; he could draw nothing but a graceful girl, with curly hair and a plain, commonplace face.

Vexed at his failure, he flung the picture down, and the light breeze lifted it and carried it to the feet of the musing girl. She picked it up, surprised and puzzled, and rose as Walter came forward, lifting his hat.

"I beg your pardon; I was sketching the opposite bank, and could not resist the temptation of so charming a foreground."

"You are an artist, then?" she quietly asked, looking again at the unfortunate sketch.

"A very poor one, as you may see from the failure of my present attempt."

"Is it a failure? I think it is like me. I am enough of drawing to know you wrong yourself," she returned.

"It is your face, and yet it is not like you. Your face could never be truly drawn, Miss St. John," observed the young baronet.

"You know me, then?"

"I have made a guess at your identity," Walter said, smiling. "We are near neighbors, Miss St. John. I am Walter Ingledon."

"Are you, indeed? Though I might have guessed who you were," she rejoined, quickly.

"Shall we waive introductions and formalities of that sort, Miss St. John, and be friends at once?"

"Willingly, Sir Walter. I suppose friendship between neighbors, especially if so few and far between, is a sacred institution here—so different from London?"

"Yes, indeed. And this quiet life will seem strange to you after having been accustomed to London so long," rejoined Walter.

"To me! Oh, dear, no! Nearly all my life has been spent near Salisbury, at school, and as a governess. I know little of London, nothing of its gayeties," she confessed, gravely, as she put on her hat, adding, "Rowing is one of the accomplishments I have learnt, you see. I rejoice to see the river so near our home; I love it already. It must be very dear to you, Sir Walter."

"It's a bit of home—one of our household gods, Miss St. John. We shall find in you a kindred spirit. My sisters and I are passionately fond of boating," he returned.

"I love it dearly, too," she said; "and this river is so picturesque. Our new home is very beautiful—not nearly so lonely as my brother thought it would be. Have you seen him, Sir Walter?"

"I have not had that pleasure. My sisters and I intend to call at the Place this morning, but I am

glad we have met now, Miss St. John—Fairy Glen is a fitting spot for the foundation of a friendship that I trust will prove lasting!"

She laughed, her face dimpling prettily.

"It is a pretty spot—like a nook of fairy-land. I could not resist the temptation to explore it, but I thought I should be alone with the fairies," she remarked.

"And I thought that my boyhood's dream was realized at last, and that I saw a fairy when your boat grounded on the sand," Walter rejoined, gallantly. "What a capital little boat, Miss St. John!" he added, looking admiringly at the frail skiff, the slender sculls of which seemed framed for the small hands that plied them. "The Lucy," the baronet said, reading the name on the stern—"a pretty name, Miss St. John."

"My brother named it after me," she explained, smiling.

"I like the name of Lucy," he confessed; "it was my mother's name. I am glad it is yours."

"I rather like it myself," she remarked, holding out her hand with a frank smile. "Good-morning, Sir Walter."

"Good-morning. You will not find it so easy to return home, Miss St. John—the current is swift just here."

"My boat is very light. Oh, thank you!" she said, as he unfastened the boat for her. "Once more, good-morning."

"Become our neighbors," returned Alice.

"That's my indictment against them."

"And yours, George?"

"Involuntary dislike," he answered, adding in a lower tone to Miss Ingledon, as they walked up the lawn, "I ought to say envy, Joan. Mr. St. John is very handsome; and one can discern he is awfully clever. Confound the fellow!"

Joan's soft eyes looked tenderly in the young man's face.

"Beauty and talent are powerful weapons in the battle of life; but love and truth are stronger, after all, George."

Walter was waiting for them by the boat-house, and Sir Walter hailed her gayly.

"Here are George and Alice metaphorically lynching our new neighbors, Joan—condemning them without a trial! Too bad, isn't it?"

"What have they done thus to incur your displeasure?" asked Joan, merrily.

"Become our neighbors," returned Alice.

"That's my indictment against them."

"And yours, George?"

"Involuntary dislike," he answered, adding in a lower tone to Miss Ingledon, as they walked up the lawn, "I ought to say envy, Joan. Mr. St. John is very handsome; and one can discern he is awfully clever. Confound the fellow!"

Joan's soft eyes looked tenderly in the young man's face.

"Beauty and talent are powerful weapons in the battle of life; but love and truth are stronger, after all, George."

Walter was waiting for them by the boat-house, and Sir Walter hailed her gayly.

"Here are George and Alice metaphorically lynching our new neighbors, Joan—condemning them without a trial! Too bad, isn't it?"

"What have they done thus to incur your displeasure?" asked Joan, merrily.

"Become our neighbors," returned Alice.

"That's my indictment against them."

"And yours, George?"

"Involuntary dislike," he answered, adding in a lower tone to Miss Ingledon, as they walked up the lawn, "I ought to say envy, Joan. Mr. St. John is very handsome; and one can discern he is awfully clever. Confound the fellow!"

Joan's soft eyes looked tenderly in the young man's face.

"Beauty and talent are powerful weapons in the battle of life; but love and truth are stronger, after all, George."

Walter was waiting for them by the boat-house, and Sir Walter hailed her gayly.

"Here are George and Alice metaphorically lynching our new neighbors, Joan—condemning them without a trial! Too bad, isn't it?"

"What have they done thus to incur your displeasure?" asked Joan, merrily.

"Become our neighbors," returned Alice.

"That's my indictment against them."

"And yours, George?"

"Involuntary dislike," he answered, adding in a lower tone to Miss Ingledon, as they walked up the lawn, "I ought to say envy, Joan. Mr. St. John is very handsome; and one can discern he is awfully clever. Confound the fellow!"

Joan's soft eyes looked tenderly in the young man's face.

"Beauty and talent are powerful weapons in the battle of life; but love and truth are stronger, after all, George."

Walter was waiting for them

"Miss Alice," resumed her companion, "if ever you speak of me in that pitying tone, please forget me, or do not speak at all. I could not bear pity from you. I would rather you would hate me, if you could not love me."

The last words were spoken almost in a whisper, and Alice was saved from responding by her brother.

"Alice, my dear, it is time to move homeward."

"Thus ends our first visit to Burleigh Meet," said Lucy St. John, as the *Water Lily* carried them up the stream.

"I hope you have enjoyed it, Miss St. John," spoke Sir Walter.

"I have indeed. It has been one of the happiest days I ever spent," she answered, with her sweet, frank smile.

CHAPTER III.

JUST three miles from Ingledon, on the same side of the river, was a large village—Castle Dean. Here a tiny gabled building and a long range of wooden platform formed Castle Dean Junction, the nearest railway station to Ingledon, and thirty miles from Islingsford, the county town.

Near the station was a more primitive building—Castle Dean Post Office—presided over by a somewhat deaf old lady, whose mind ran in two grooves, tea and stamps.

She was placidly enjoying her morning meal in the little back parlor, when the bell over the front door gave a spiteful peal.

"That's Betsy Martin! Allus coming at meal-times; as if I could help her boy not writing! Lor', is it you, Sir Walter?" she exclaimed, courteously violent as the baronet came through the shop into the little back room.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Marvel; I am sorry to disturb you. Are there any letters?" he said, in the low, distinct tone the old lady loved.

"Yes, sure, your honor. There's a letter and a newspaper from Master Reginald, I'll lay."

From a mysterious receptacle under the counter she produced the precious envelope. Walter's eyes glistened as he looked at the bold, firm writing. The missive was from his brother. It was a short letter, and very sad, for Reginald was in the midst of horror and woe; but he was safe and well, and spoke hopefully of the time to come.

"Have you had a letter from Jack, Mrs. Marvel?" asked Walter, folding the sheet.

"Yes, sir; he's getting better, and hopes to join Mr. Reginald soon. Is Mr. Reginald well, sir?"

"Yes, quite well. He says he misses Jack."

"Lor', does he now, sir? Miss my Jack! Dear Master Reginald! Do you think they'll come home soon, Sir Walter?"

"I am afraid not," said Walter, sadly; "we can only pray for them. Is Tom at home, Mrs. Marvel? I want him to come up to Ingledon. Our boat is out of repair."

"He just went out as your honor came in. He's down at the ferry. I'll send for him, sir."

"Never mind, Mrs. Marvel; I am going that way. Good-morning."

Tom Marvel was fisherman, ferryman and boatwright for Castle Dean and the neighborhood. He was a tall, powerful man, with a voice like the rumble of distant thunder, and a heart like a little child's. He and his brother had been the playmates and confidants of the Ingledons in early days, and they were firm friends still. Jack was Reginald's servant, and Tom would have willingly laid down his life for either of the "young masters."

Walter told Tom of the work he wanted to be attended to, and then talked of Reginald; but Tom Marvel had, evidently, something to say. He took up a hatchet, and, as he spoke, commenced chipping a log of wood that lay beside him.

"Folks say we are going to have a new lady of Ingledon, sir."

"Do they?" said Walter, smiling.

"She looks good and loving both, sir. May I wish your honor joy?"

"If you like, Tom. Folks say truth for once—Miss St. John has indeed promised to be Lady Ingledon."

"She isn't sister to that thin, fair-haired little fellow they call the squire, sir, is she?" inquired Tom, diligently chopping away.

"Why, yes, Tom. Mr. St. John is a very handsome man."

"Is he? I don't know what you call handsome, sir."

"Now Tom," said Walter, laughing, "you have something to say—out with it, man! Don't you like the new squire?"

Tom let his hatchet fall heavily on the wood.

"Sir Walter, he came over here t'other day and talked to me soft and smooth, his blue eyes glittering and dancing all the while; but, says I to myself, 'You are a hypocrite—you are a wolf in sheep's clothing. I wouldn't trust you with the trifling thing I have!'—and I wouldn't, your honor! That man hasn't got those eyes and white, cruel-looking hands for nothing."

Walter laughed, half amused, half angry, yet with an uncomfortable conviction that his own first impression of Mr. St. John had been the same as Tom's.

"You would like him better if you knew him, Tom."

"First impressions are warnings from heaven, sir," said Tom, taking up his hatchet. "It's wrong for me to speak against my betters, but you always like me to tell you what I think, Master Walter."

"Of course. Now I must go; my sister is waiting for me. Good-morning, Tom."

Tom looked after him with fond, admiring eyes.

"I've warned him," he muttered, as he went on with his work. "I know a bad man when I see one; and that fair-haired squire is one, I'll lay."

Joan was waiting for her brother in the fields that parted Castle Dean from Ingledon woods. After they had read and talked over Reginald's letter, Walter told her Tom Marvel's opinion of the squire.

"It is just mine," she admitted, laconically.

Walter had great faith in Joan's discrimination of character, and her hearty pleasure at his engagement with Lucy had gratified him greatly.

"Why, Joan, you are generally charitable!" he exclaimed, amazed.

"I have no faith in Arthur St. John. With his fair face and all his riches, he is not worthy of our Alice," returned Joan, warmly. "He will not make her happy, though she has given up the noblest heart that ever beat for his sake."

"Heigho! The plot thickens. What do you mean, Joan?"

"Love is awfully selfish, Walter. Have you never noticed the tragic drama being played among us? Poor George Carlyn—it doesn't need a formal engagement to tell me his love is given in vain."

"Love is awfully prejudiced, Joan; your partiality for George Carlyn is the reason of your dislike of poor Arthur."

"It may be," said Joan, after a pause; "I would be unjust, Walter; but I do not, I cannot, trust Arthur St. John."

"Thank goodness I haven't blue eyes or small white hands," laughed Walter, "for they seem the foundation of your distrust."

"We shall see," said Joan, quietly.

Alice Ingledon was very restless that morning; the house was dreary in its loneliness, and she wandered slowly through the shrubbery into the quiet old-fashioned garden at the left of the house. It was a quaint nook, upon which Time had laid a tender hand, and where the flowers had bloomed and perished for many generations.

With restless steps Alice paced to and fro between the trim box-hedges, pausing now to gather a favorite rose, now a carnation rich as the bloom upon her cheeks, or a spray of fragrant brier. On the south side of the garden was a bank of lavender, bright with purple bloom; Alice paused there, under the shadow of a lilac, the glory of which had departed. She paused, leaning her back against the tree, the sweet perfume of the lavender filling the Summer air. Life was busy all around her; the drowsy hum of the bees, the twitter of the birds, the cooing from the distant dove-cote, broke the fragrant silence, and the whisper of the leaves sounded softly through the garden.

Alice never forgot that sunny morning when she stood beneath the lilac; an undying memory was linked with the fragrance of the lavender and the low cooing of the doves.

Footsteps on the path, a soft voice uttering her name, a light hand laid on hers, and the spell of thought was broken.

"Mr. St. John!" she said, surprised.

"They told me you were here. Miss Alice, your modern dress and bright, beautiful living face seem out of place in this ancient garden. I half expected to meet some stately dame in ruff and farthingale, pacing the smooth walks and talking of Drake and Raleigh."

"I love it—this dear old garden," confessed Alice; "I love it dearly."

"So do I," he rejoined, "now that your presence has added its charm to flower and pathway."

Alice laughed rather nervously.

"I mean it," he went on, earnestly. "Our love of home is not for the house or the familiar paths, but for the dear ones that hallow it; and I love this garden now that I have stood beside you here and listened to your voice among these flowers. Alice, will you give me your bright presence in my dreary home? I will not try to tell you of my love. It is too deep for language. Alice, will you give yourself to me for ever?"

The flowers fluttered from her hands to the ground, and their perfume rose up between them, like an invisible barrier. Only for a moment it parted them, and then Arthur St. John was treading the roses underfoot. Alice was clasped tightly in his arms, and his passionate lips were sealing their plighted vow.

Joan and Walter, coming homewards, met the lovers on the terrace. Mr. St. John did not release the hand he tightly clasped, but held the other out to Walter.

"Will you claim me brother by a double title?" he said. "Will you give me Alice, Walter?"

The sweet, earnest voice, the soft blue eyes, the white hand held so frankly out—was there not truth in these? Walter clasped Arthur's hand earnestly.

"You have won her already," he said, with a smile. "Then we shall be brothers indeed."

"And you, Miss Ingledon—can you trust me with the sunshine of Ingledon?"

"We cannot keep the sunshine when it chooses to leave us," Joan answered, looking keenly into the young man's face.

Arthur returned her glance calmly.

"You don't think me worthy of my happiness, Miss Ingledon; well, with a brother's name, I trust to gain a brother's love from you."

"My love is not easily won, Mr. St. John. You are right; I don't think you worthy of Alice."

With these words she followed her sister, who had gone into the house.

Walter smiled at his friend's troubled face.

"Joan's words are always harder than her thoughts, Arthur. She says the worst and thinks the best of every one."

"An uncomfortable habit. I sincerely admire Miss Ingledon; and it pains me to hear her express her dislike," returned Mr. St. John; and then, with a sudden change of tone and manner, he asked,

"Walter, why need we delay the happiness of claiming our brides? I am very lonely at the Place. Lucy's heart is here. Suppose we have a double marriage before the Summer has lost its glory."

"I can have no objection, Arthur; but what will the young ladies say?" inquired the baronet.

"Their consent will not be hard to gain. But Miss Ingledon, Walter—what will she say?"

"She has said her worst, depend on it. Her consent is sure to follow anything we may arrange," Walter answered. "I agree with you, Arthur; long engagements are needless. I wish Reginald were here, dear boy!"

"Should you like to wait for him?" asked Mr. St. John.

"Oh, dear, no! His return is so uncertain. Lucy must welcome him home as my wife."

"I shall rejoice to meet him, my other brother," said Mr. St. John. "Good-by, Walter. I must put my rowing to the test again. I was a long while crossing this morning."

"Let me come with you," said Walter; "I want to see Lucy."

"Oh, thank you; I shall be only too glad to have you. Rowing is a necessity of life here. I wish I were more skillful at it."

* * * * *

George soon learnt the news so painful to him. It was a few mornings after Alice's engagement; he was in the morning-room at Castle Carlyn, talking to his mother and sisters.

"There's somebody coming?" cried George's only brother, a child of ten years, rushing into the room. Somebody that's somebody, I mean—Sir Walter! I shall ask him when he's going to be married."

"Robert, try to behave like a gentleman," his mother said, reprovingly, with a vain attempt at a frown. "Robert has just been heralding your visit," she added to the baronet, as he entered the room. "How are you, Sir Walter. You are almost a stranger."

"Not quite, I hope, Mrs. Carlyn," he replied. "Young ladies, I need not ask how you are. Your bright faces tell me. George, I have come to know what I have done that your visits to Ingledon are so few and far between, and to tell you all a piece of news."

"That you are going to be married!" cried Miss Annie, gayly. "We know that, Sir Walter."

"Queen Anne's dead!" exclaimed Bob the incorrigible. "Tell us the day, Sir Walter."

"It is not fixed yet, Master Bob," answered Walter, with a playful pinch.

"In the month, may I ask, Sir Walter?" said Mrs. Carlyn.

"The first week in August, Mrs. Carlyn," Walter replied. "But you have not guessed my news. It will be a double marriage. The Place will only change its mistress; Alice is to marry Mr. St. John."

"Thank goodness I haven't blue eyes or small white hands," laughed Walter, "for they seem the foundation of your distrust."

"We shall see," said Joan, quietly.

eloquence by their exclamations; and when Walter had answered all their questions George had left the room.

(To be continued.)

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

MISS ZARE THALBERG, who made her first appearance at the Royal Italian Opera, London, last month, as *Zerlina*, in "Don Giovanni," was born in New York on the 16th of April, 1858, and is just on the point of completing her 17th year.

MR. HENRY BESSEMER, whom millions of future passengers across the British Channel may yet have to thank, as the originator of the Bessemer saloon steamboat, for relieving them of the unutterable horrors of sea-sickness, was born at the village of Charlton, Hertfordshire, England, in January, 1813. He early showed a great aptitude for drawing and modeling in clay, and his love and pursuit of the fine arts went hand in hand with his devotion to mechanical invention. His application of machinery to the manufacture of "bronze powder," reducing the cost of producing it from 105 shillings to less than 6 shillings per pound, has yielded him the means of pursuing uninterruptedly a career of invention, during which he has added more than a hundred to the list of British patents. Of the various objects to which these are applied, one stands out prominently—the manufacture of cast-steel. This manufacture, created by Mr. Bessemer, has risen to such importance within only thirteen years, that the finished products made in England of the new material, Bessemer steel, are of the annual value of not less than ten millions sterling. Scientific societies and monarchs in Europe have conferred well-merited honors upon this illustrious inventor, and America has given his name to a new city in one of the important iron districts on the line of the Cincinnati Railroad.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

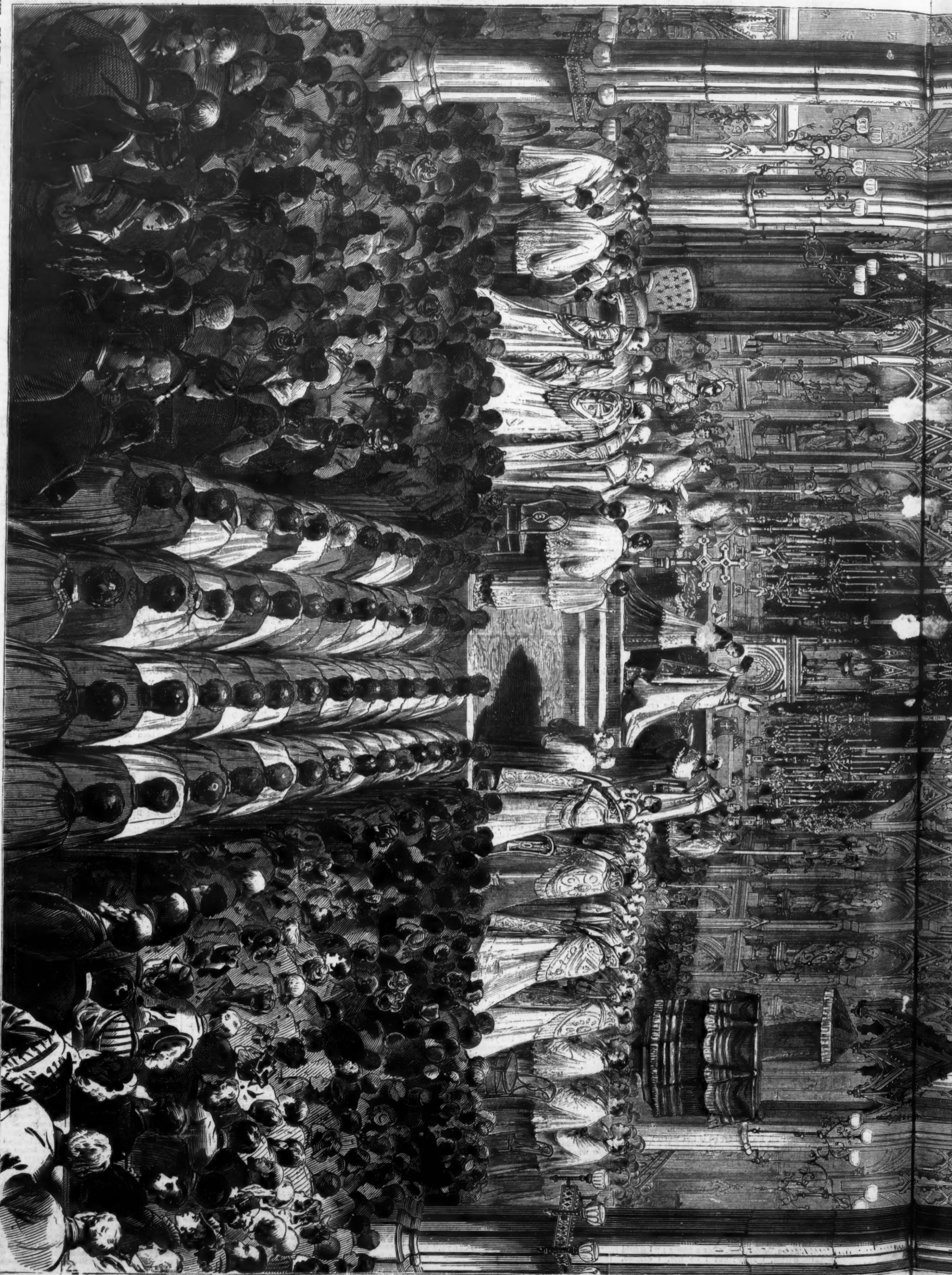
DOMESTIC.

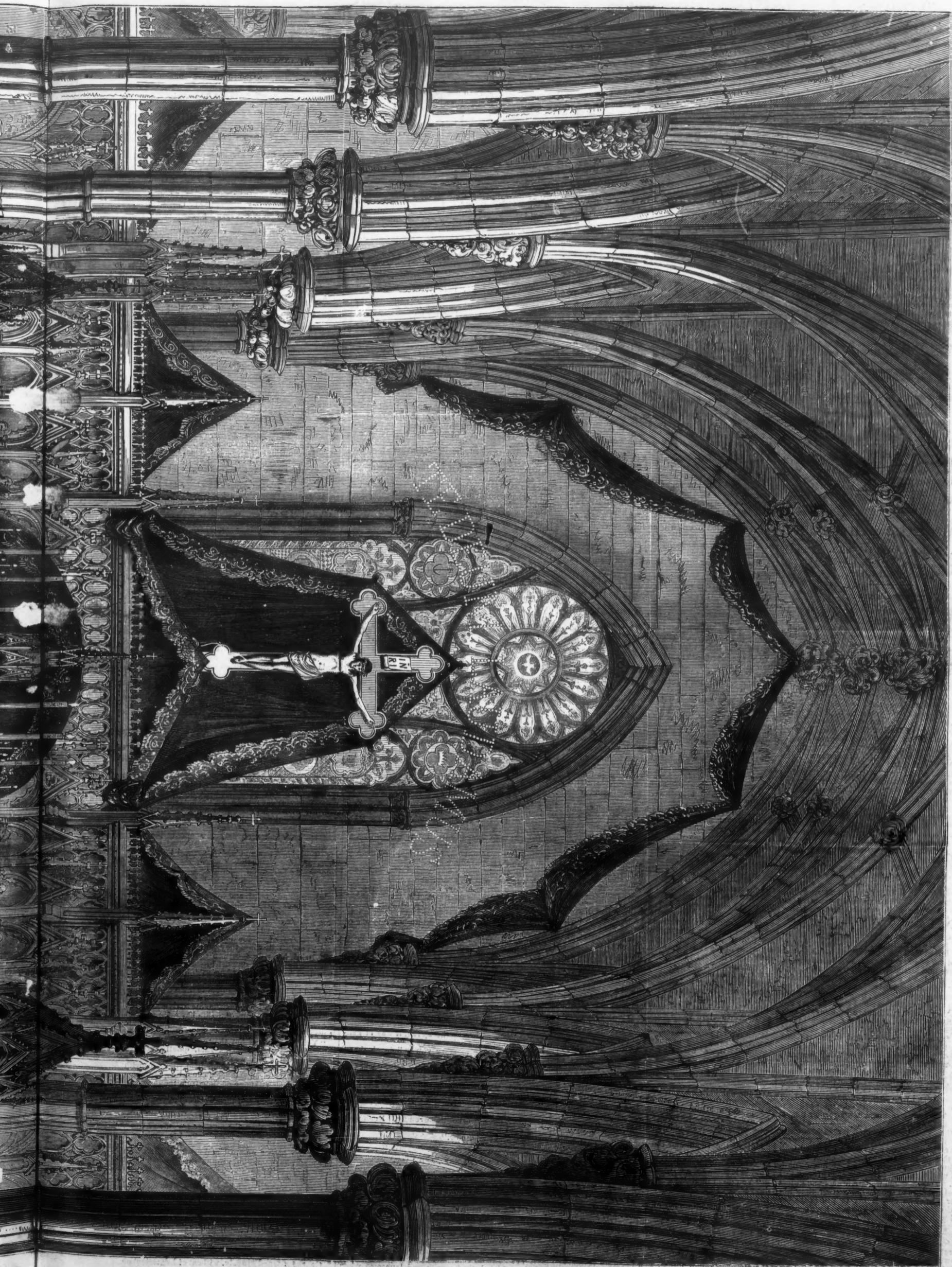
A FIRE occasioned great damage to the Union League Club House, New York. . . . The Louisiana Legislature adjourned. . . . More raids into Texas from Mexico were reported. . . . The corner-stone of a monument to the memory of the Confederate dead was laid at Atlanta, Ga., on the 26th, in the presence of ex-Confederate and Federal soldiers. . . . Postmaster-General Jewell canceled a number of fraudulent postal contracts. . . . Two passenger trains on the Baltimore & Potomac Railroad were wrecked on the 26th. . . . The Interior Department decided to offer for sale the Cherokee Indian strip of 300,000 acres in Kansas. . . . Mr. Rublee, United States Minister to Switzerland, was directed to act as our delegate to the meeting at Berne, to exchange ratifications of the General Postal Union Treaty. . . . The remains of Mayor Barrett of St. Louis were buried on April 27th. . . . Monday, April 26th, was the fifty-sixth anniversary of the founding of Odd Fellowship in the United States, and was generally observed. . . . The *berretta* was conferred upon Cardinal McCloskey by Archbishop Bayley at the Cathedral, New York. . . . Chevalier Von Pestel, the New Minister from the Netherlands, was introduced to the President. . . . Carl Schurz was tendered two complimentary dinners and a serenade in New York previous to sailing for Europe. . . . Dr. Jagger, of Philadelphia, was consecrated as Bishop of the Episcopal Diocese of Southern Ohio on April 28th. . . . Ex-Judge Edwards Pierrepont was appointed Attorney-General of the United States. . . . The greater part of the city of Oshkosh, Wis., was destroyed by fire on April 28th. . . . At a fire in Shelbyville, Ky., the entire library of Audubon, the great naturalist, was destroyed. . . . The United States were charged by Canada with violating the Treaty of Washington by imposing a duty on packages of fish imported from Canada. . . . The criminal features of the Civil Rights Bill were declared unconstitutional by Judges Brooks and Dick, in North Carolina.

FOREIGN.

THE KING of Greece began concentrating troops at Athens to prevent election disturbances. . . . A pastoral letter against Spiritualism was issued by the Bishop of Toulouse. . . . A revolt in La Paz, Bolivia, against the President was suppressed. . . . An international congress on the history of America before Columbus's discovery was announced to meet in Nancy, France, July 22d. . . . Letters of sympathy from the Catholic Bishops of Great Britain to those of Germany and Switzerland were published. . . . Heavy frauds in the customs were discovered in Valparaiso. . . . Paul Boynton will make another attempt to swim across the English Channel, May 27th. . . . The King of Spain agreed that the German flag should be saluted by the fortifications at Guatiria, in recognition of the *Gustav* affair. . . . A 2,000 guineas a day was offered by the Newmarket Spring meeting, England, was won by "Camhallo." . . . The Prince of Wales was installed as Grand Master of the United Grand Lodge of Masons of England in the Royal Albert Hall, London, on the 28th. . . . Legal proceedings were commenced by the Prussian Government for the removal of the Prince Bishop of Breslau for violating the ecclesiastical laws. . . . Emigration from the United States is said to be steadily setting towards Ottawa, Canada. . .

NEW YORK CITY.—IMPOSING THE CARDINALS BERRETTA UPON HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF NEW YORK BY HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF BALTIMORE, APRIL 3rd. SCENE AT ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL IN MOTT STREET.—See Page 159.





MY PICTURES.

BY

S. K. PHILLIPS.

TIS not in the storied corridor
Of the old ancestral hall,
Where the belted knight and the lady bright
Smile from the tapestried wall;
Where a Gu'do's tender radiance shows
By a Rubens' gorgeous hues,
Or the stately grace of a Vandyke-face
By the soft slow glance of a Greuze.

Drawn on no earthly canvas,
By no mortal pencil lim'n'd,
Ne'er glorified by an age's pride,
By no poet's pean hymn'd:
By the quiet hush of the Winter's heart,
Or the breathless nights of June,
Are my pictures seen by the firelight's sheen,
Or framed by the silvery moon.

They rise around me, one by one,
The lost, the changed, the dead;
I see the smile I knew erewhile
On the sweet lips dewy red;
The soft dark eyes flash love for me,
The soft curls gleam and wave,
Till I half forget how my life sun set
'Neath the yews by a lonely grave.

I see white robes and blushing flowers,
And two close side by side;
Nor think how deep is the bridegroom's sleep,
As I watch him clasp his bride.
I look in the gentle mother's face,
Till her blessing is breathed again;
While the father's eyes, strong, true, and wise,
Call counsel and calm to pain.

I seem to smooth the golden curls
Toss'd back from the child's pure brow,
And prize them as then, though the whirl of men
Has smirched their glitter now.
The first friend's form moves joyously
Out through the dusky air,
In its frank fresh truth, as when hope and youth
Set a royal signet there.

Naught fades my portraits' living lines,
No flecks or sun-stains fall;
No time corrodes, no thick dust loads
Their beauty with its pall.
Painted by memory and love
For my waiting life and me,
My pictures will shine till in light divine
Their deathless types I see.

THE
Doom of the Albatross.

A SECRET OF THE SEA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ALL IN THE WILD MARCH MORNING," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THREE days had passed away, and George and I had nearly, but not quite, finished making wonderful discoveries of things new, useful, or beautiful, about the house and gardens—had nearly exhausted the subject of our wonderful bridal dinner-party, and our guests, and all their good wishes, and their praises and admiration of our abode; of how eloquent poor little Mr. Mainwaring grew on the subject of domestic happiness, and of how Miss Mainwaring, who kept house for him, didn't half like it; of how Doctor Kingsley laughed at him, and told me something relative to Miss Emily Glynne, the second youngest with the blue eyes; of how glad Mr. and Mrs. Glynne were to see George, and how poor Mrs. Glynne cried in my dressing-room, afterwards; of how Louisa was positively brilliant, and laughed at Mr. Herbert Glynne's jests and compliments until they both grew quite noisy; of how gentle, and amiable, and charming Lady Cecilia was, and of how merrily she told the story to a select audience of Mr. Mainwaring's being nearly frightened out of his senses by her communication to him in the matter of the special license which he had to procure at her bidding; and of how she called George by his Christian name when she bade us good-night, and kissed me as fondly as a mother might, telling me that she meant to keep a strict watch over me lest I should spoil my husband by over-petting. All these subjects and many more we had talked over until we had talked ourselves out, for a brief space at least, and were sitting in that pleasant, sunny embayed window looking seaward, where George's books and papers, his pipe and long-range telescope, lay on the cushioned seat beside us, and presently, be-thinking me of the history which that window possessed for me, I told him of the first day that, sitting there and thinking of him, I had seen Lady Cecilia, and from that went on to speak of, or rather to talk over, with him the strange, unaccountable knowledge she had seemed to possess of myself and my affairs; and George listened with a rather grave and incredulous look whilst I spoke.

"My dear, I don't believe in astrology, or mesmerism or animal magnetism enabling her to do any of those things," he said, quietly. "Landsmen say sailors are superstitious; and perhaps they are—that is, they know and believe in things which others refuse to know, or, knowing, refuse to believe. Those that go down to the sea in ships' see so many mighty wonders that belong to this world, that sometimes their imagination becomes strong enough to discern, and their faith clear and simple enough to credit, the revelation of wonders belonging to another world. I know," George continued, in a lower tone, as if speaking to himself, "that there have been incidents which could be accounted for by no theory of any known law, which no one could explain"—he stopped abruptly, but presently resumed in his former tone—"but, as to Lady Cecilia's mysterious knowledge, I think that can be accounted for satisfactorily enough. She is no magician, dear, but a clever and very eccentric woman, with a mind filled with strange, morbid fancies, possessing quick sympathies, a powerful will, a lavishly generous disposition, and wealth enough to enable her carry out its impulses. Your fate and welfare became an object of interest to her, and she spared neither time nor labor nor money to enable her to prosecute her research concerning you. So she became acquainted with all the facts of your history, which you thought so few knew of, but which in a few weeks could be easily gleaned by any person of keen detective powers. Her Spanish servant, Juan Perez, traced every stage of my journey from Cape Town to Calcutta and home again, and was waiting at Southampton when I landed, and accompanied me every foot of the way to this house; so it would not be very strange if the incidents of your daily life came under his cognisance and his mistress's also."

"I never saw him in my life until about a week since," I objected; "besides, George, that theory doesn't explain everything, nor half everything. How, for instance, could she know about the furniture, and—oh, several things. No, you can't explain it."

"Can't I, dearest? Then I won't," retorted George, gayly. "But, to change the subject, do you know that eight bells, afternoon watch, went long since? I have a faint idea that we used to dine—Belay there! One of your reef-points has given way, Mrs. Allan."

"George, dear, I am the most stupid woman alive!" I ejaculated, penitently, picking up the "reef-point," which happened to be a couple of yards of mauve ribbon velvet which had clasped and enwreathed my muslin sleeve in a most artistic manner—"reefed my jib-sail." George termed it. "I never once thought of telling Jane about the sauce for the fish. I must run down to the store-room and give her out the eggs, and oil, and different things. Oh, George, are you hungry?"

"Starving," cried George, in a weirdly hollow voice, following me down-stairs to the store-room, where he got astride of a beer-barrel and called in stentorian tones for grog, ship's biscuit, pea-soup, boiled pork and salt beef, whilst I gave bewildered orders to my servant, who meanwhile was giggling convulsively at the master's fun.

"Jane, pray don't overboil the eggs," I entreated. "George, dear, stop a minute—I can't find the Lucca oil."

"Why, I saw you stow it away on the middle shelf just now," said George, jumping off the beer-barrel to assist my search.

In extracting the bottle from the nook wherein I had unconsciously placed it, George pushed back a candle-box against the wall, which was paneled in dark-painted woodwork to about four feet from the ground, the upper part of the wall being washed with a pale-buff.

"That paneling of a store-room is a tidy idea," said George, contemplatively. "Lockers and all such sort of things, stowed away so neatly, keep everything ship-shape. Have you many of them, Gennie?"

"Many of what?" I returned.

"Why, lockers, cupboard—whatever you call them. There's one within the paneling."

"A cupboard there? I never knew it!" I exclaimed, eagerly. "This is another discovery, George. No, dear, there's nothing there—never was. I could not imagine what you were talking about."

"I am talking about something in the shape of a recess being inside that," said George, demonstratively, giving the wood a smart blow, which certainly elicited hollow sound in return.

But, as all our efforts failed to discover any trace of door or aperture in panels or molding, George was about to relinquish the attempt, almost agreeing with me that perhaps it was an old press or fireplace panelled over—a neat little stove in the centre of the room supplying that want—when he suddenly asked me for a lighted candle, and, having brought it, he held the flame almost level with the floor, dropping grease in a fearful manner as he did so.

"There is a current of air blowing in," he said, decidedly; "this is neither a walled-up cupboard nor a fireplace, Gwendoline. There is no sign of a chimney outside or inside."

"George, George!" I cried, breathlessly, "it might be a—a—door."

"It is a door," returned George, laughing, as he slanted the candle over the lines in the molding; "but what is behind the door is the puzzle."

"George, darling," I said making a rather futile attempt to raise him from his knees and drag him away, "there might be something; we had better let it alone. We don't know what might be there, George."

"But I mean to find out, Mrs. Allan," George persisted, passing his fingers backwards and forwards over the molding, pressing it in and out, and up and down, whilst I crouched behind him, and, although George had no knowledge of the fact, held a tight grip of his coat.

"George," I began, presently, "I should not wonder if there were something in this room. I never heeded it, but Margaret, my servant, used to say she heard noises here two or three times; and once she said—don't laugh, George—she said Lady Cecilia came into this room and—vanished."

"Indeed!" said George, with a dry smile; and then, without looking up, whilst he industriously beat the floor and skirting, and hurt his poor dear hands with knocking with his knuckles, he added, "Don't you think, Gwendoline, that that explains pretty well her mysterious familiarity with your house and furniture?"

"But, George, dear, do you think she actually used to—Oh-h, George dearest! Take care! Gracious mercy!"

The words were uttered almost hysterically at the sight before my eyes.

With the aid of the candle, George had discovered a trace of an aperture in the skirting, and, after manipulating it in various ways, he at length tried to press it down, when, at the first attempt, a portion of the skirting, about three feet in length, sank down into the flooring, as it were, leaving an oblong, narrow aperture. And then, on a second pressure of George's hand against the panel, it revolved swiftly back, revealing to our astonished gaze a low, narrow doorway or opening about four feet in height and three feet in width, beyond which, in the intense gloom, nothing was visible save three shallow stone steps, leading down somewhere into mystery of darkness.

"A secret passage leading down to cells or dungeons, or something of that kind, formed in the 'good old times' when the Abbey was an abbey, and—

"A friar of orders gray
Walk forth to tell his beads!"

as your old ballad has it," said George, excitedly, picking up the candlestick and stepping into the mysterious aperture without more ado.

Need I say that I exercised my wifely authority—as a good wife should on certain occasions—and that George found himself dragged back into the middle of the room, and the candlestick snatched out of his hand, and that I stood before the dark secret doorway, panting with fright and determination, in less than the "twinkling of an eye"?

"You go in there," I gasped, "down to cells and dungeons, and mercy only knows what, before you know what may be concealed there! George, you may pull me limb from limb—"

"I prefer that you should remain as you are: it is more convenient," George interpolated. "Give me the candle, dear; I only want to look. Gwendoline, love, don't be foolish." Afraid of annoying him, I most unwillingly relinquished the light, and George, after first locking the storeroom-door inside, and securely fastening back the panel, stepped briskly in and went down step after step, the candlelight glimmering on the flagged sides and roof of the stairway, until we—I need hardly say that I had followed him—had lost

sight of the last gleam of daylight and had counted twenty-six steps.

"Here the steps end," George announced, "and a long, narrow, sloping passage begins. Gwendoline, you are frightened! My darling, there is nothing to fear."

"Oh, George," I said, fairly crying, and shivering violently, "I know that panel will shut, and we shall never be found until we are starved to death."

"Well, we will go back, my dear; the exploring of an underground passage is not worth distressing you about."

"George, dear, I am the most stupid woman alive!" I ejaculated, penitently, picking up the "reef-point," which happened to be a couple of yards of mauve ribbon velvet which had clasped and enwreathed my muslin sleeve in a most artistic manner—"reefed my jib-sail." George termed it.

"I never once thought of telling Jane about the sauce for the fish. I must run down to the store-room and give her out the eggs, and oil, and different things. Oh, George, are you hungry?"

"Starving," cried George, in a weirdly hollow voice, following me down-stairs to the store-room, where he got astride of a beer-barrel and called in stentorian tones for grog, ship's biscuit, pea-soup, boiled pork and salt beef, whilst I gave bewildered orders to my servant, who meanwhile was giggling convulsively at the master's fun.

"Jane, pray don't overboil the eggs," I entreated. "George, dear, stop a minute—I can't find the Lucca oil."

"Why, I saw you stow it away on the middle shelf just now," said George, jumping off the beer-barrel to assist my search.

In extracting the bottle from the nook wherein I had unconsciously placed it, George pushed back a candle-box against the wall, which was paneled in dark-painted woodwork to about four feet from the ground, the upper part of the wall being washed with a pale-buff.

"That paneling of a store-room is a tidy idea," said George, contemplatively. "Lockers and all such sort of things, stowed away so neatly, keep everything ship-shape. Have you many of them, Gennie?"

"Many of what?" I returned.

"Why, lockers, cupboard—whatever you call them. There's one within the paneling."

"A cupboard there? I never knew it!" I exclaimed, eagerly. "This is another discovery, George. No, dear, there's nothing there—never was. I could not imagine what you were talking about."

"I am talking about something in the shape of a recess being inside that," said George, demonstrating, giving the wood a smart blow, which certainly elicited hollow sound in return.

But, as we reached the third highest step, we both perceived a large semi-circular iron bar fitted with a large smooth metal handle, which George boldly seized, and whilst I held my breath, made it revolve to the right, when a square opening above our heads let down what seemed like a flood of daylight.

"Squalls and tornadoes!" ejaculated George.

"Where are we?"

"In the cell in the copse," I said, staring around me in bewilderment, and following George up through the trap-door in most melodramatic fashion.

It was the little stone-built cell amidst the ruins in the copse, undoubtedly. The door stood open, and the red flush of sunset which lingered in the western sky glowed through the foliage and filled the cell with a weird brightness. Behind the wrought metal-work chair was the opening in the broad flagstones by which we had come up.

Now I could understand Lady Cecilia's presence so unaccountably succeeding my visit on that stormy Autumn evening the year before. How I shuddered at its memory! And I strove to deprive the candlestick of George's care and attention for the fourth time.

"Wait a minute, love," said George, putting me off in a self-possessed, husbandly fashion, and examining the trap-door anxiously. "I wonder how this thing is to be closed—it will never do to leave it open in this manner."

"Leave it to me." The reply came in Lady Cecilia's calm, proud voice, and Lady Cecilia herself was standing in the open doorway behind us.

We both felt and looked abashed and alarmed, for she was looking haughty and displeased.

"Do not be angry with us, dear Lady Cecilia," I said, tremulously; "we never knew where the passage led to; we made our discovery only half-an-hour ago in the store-room."

"I am not angry," she returned, her brow clearing a little; "but I could wish you had not made the discovery. It will become known now, and must be instantly closed up. I meant to have the end communicating with your house closed permanently, only the person who could be trusted to do it has not been able to attend to it. I dare say you know that I have used this secret passage often in the past, but you need not fear my prying presence any more—you do not need me now."

A slight sorrowful smile struggled over her face, which was wan and very sad; and George, like the dear darling of a manly, simple-minded, tender-hearted fellow he always was and is, forgetting her rank and pride and distance, and speaking from the impulse of his kindly, grateful nature, went up to her and took her attenuated white hands in one of his.

"She needs you, and I need you—we shall need your presence, need your advice; we can never, in happiness or sorrow, fail to need the best and most nobly generous of friends," he said, with faltering voice. "Where might I be—where might she be—but for you? You know her better than your words would imply; and you know your name and memory will be dear to our children's children."

The magnetic influence of the strong, manly emotion wielded its power over her; she stood silent, with drooping head, whilst George addressed her, and when at length she spoke, it was in half-whispered, uncertain utterance.

"It must be the memory you will teach them, then," she said, sadly, turning away.

"Dear Lady Cecilia," I asked, timidly, "will you not spend the evening with us? George and I will be so glad—we are just going to dinner. Do, dear Lady Cecilia. George, ask her."

"You think, of course, that George's request could not be possibly refused," she said, smiling. "No, dear, not now—not this evening. Keep your happy dual solitude whilst you can, amigos mios. You do not need me now."

CHAPTER XXV., AND LAST.

IT was true that in the halcyon early days of our union we needed no one—how could we, we who were all the world to each other? But we did not suffer the natural engrossed selfishness of wedded lovers to make us thankless and forgetful. Many a hour she who had been our friend, so disinterested, so patient and true, spent with us in the home she had given us—oftener as the long Winter evenings drew on space, until her pale face, brighter and calmer than of old, and her dark flowing draperies, came to fill an accustomed seat at the bright fire-side, which looked empty and lonesome when she was not there; although she seldom spoke much, but liked to sit there listening to George telling stories of the sea, or to me playing or singing. Best

of all, she seemed to sit silent, and partly in the shadow of the banner-screen, looking at George and me playing chess or games of cards; or at me busy with my sewing-machine, or with some housekeeping achievements, and George making up accounts and discussing business matters with me; for by Mr. Glynne's advice George had rented some farm lands a couple of miles outside St. Omar's, and, by taking care of them himself, and having them put in order for Spring crops, found plenty of employment. By-and-by, if things went well with us, we might purchase the land, and George find a place in the ranks of the agriculturists of the rich eastern counties. For George would go to sea no more; even if by any possibility he could have made me yield consent to the cruel, dreary separation, the loneliness and anxious pain by day and night which any prolonged absence of his would have caused me now, he would not have elected to take the chance of another voyage again, on account of his health. It would be years before my husband would be a strong man again, if he ever would be; and even in that first happy year of my married life I had many a sad hour, looking at his pale face and eyes dim with suffering, and his languid form prostrate with renewed attacks of fever and torturing headache.

One bright warm morning towards the end of Spring I went up to the Abbey to speak to Lady Cecilia about him, and the advisability of his going to London to consult some high medical authority.

"He does not seem to get any better; he is worse these last three weeks, decidedly. Aunt Sophie came to see us yesterday, and she said she had never seen any one who was not in consumption looking so bad—she does not try to soften hard truths," I said, striving to restrain myself and speak distinctly.

"Miss Wymond does not like you to forget her existence, or to drink the cup of life without plenty of wholesome bitterness in it," observed Lady Cecilia, smiling scornfully. "The time of year is trying to persons in delicate health, Gwendoline."

Then, looking fixedly at me, she said, "There is something else distressing you—some new anxiety since I saw you last."

"No, no," I stammered; "nothing

"My wife, we can neither foresee nor foretell, I believe, except that at odd times strange manifestations are made apparent; why, mortals cannot declare—as warnings, they generally come too late. There is only one way in which our anxious hearts can find relief—and that is to leave it to the One who knows all things. Let us leave it to God, my love."

And I tried as George said—my darling was ever better and wiser than I—to leave it all to Him who had afflicted, and who had healed, who had broken and bound up again, and the dreaded portent of that evil dream was never more than a vision of troubled sleep—not even when, two months later, I feared in my weak faith and trembling heart that the warning had been for me, and that I must give up my beloved ones—my husband, and the new treasure of my baby daughter—and go away from them for ever in this world; yet Heaven, whose goodness I had doubted, raised me up again, and has spared me even to realize that fond vision of other days—to hear the quiet house and shaded gardens alive with the merry ringing voices of George's fair-haired children—to see my home a bright and pleasant one, from the "golden milestone" of whose happy fireside and loving family circle our children shall, we trust, measure

"—Every distance
Through the gateways of the world around them."

And that home-circle is large and happy enough to inclose within its bounds the lonely life and desolate heart of her who befriended us in our hour of need, and to whom we make the best and highest return in our power when we give her the love and trust of our children's hearts.

THE END.

HIS EMINENCE THE CARDINAL.

CARDINAL JOHN McCLOSKEY was born in Brooklyn, N. Y., March 20th, 1810, and is the first priest ever ordained from Long Island. His pious mother who was left a widow when he was only ten years of age, gave him a liberal education, and used every exertion to prepare him for the priesthood. In 1821 he entered the Catholic College of Mount St. Mary's, at Emmetsburg, Md., then under the direction of its founder, the Rt. Rev. John B. Dubois, afterwards Bishop of New York. Among his classmates were the celebrated John Hughes, Archbishop of New York; Francis Garland, first Bishop of Savannah; Charles Constantine Pise, afterwards pastor of the Church of St. Charles Borromeo, in Brooklyn; Bishop Whelan, and Rev. Edward Sourin. He finished his collegiate course in 1827. He was ordained at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, by Bishop Dubois, in January, 1834. Shortly after his ordination he went to Rome to receive two years' additional instruction at the fountain-head of ecclesiastical lore. There he attended lectures at the Propaganda, besides pursuing other studies which have made him one of the most accomplished gentlemen and scholars of America.

On Rev. Mr. McCloskey's return to America, he was appointed to St. Joseph's Church, New York, and when Bishop Hughes opened the ecclesiastical seminary of St. Joseph, Fordham, he became its first president. Within the first decade of his priesthood he was named Bishop of Axier, *in partibus*, and coadjutor to the Bishop of New York, and on March 10th, 1844, he was consecrated by Bishop Hughes. On the creation of the see of Albany Bishop McCloskey was transferred to that city, and his life for seventeen years was identified almost exclusively with the diocese of Albany, which grew under his care to the most gratifying proportions.

On the death of Archbishop Hughes, Bishop McCloskey was selected as his successor. His installation took place at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, on Sunday, August 21st, 1864, his appointment bearing date May, 1864.

During Archbishop McCloskey's administration, his labors have been unceasing and of exceeding fruitfulness. He has reared monument after monument to the usefulness and honor of the Catholic Church, and yet so quietly and silently has it been done, that the toil of the brave-hearted workman has been almost unnoticed. Besides a vast number of churches built in New York city and elsewhere in the archdiocese, the Archbishop has established a protec-tory for destitute children in Westchester, in which upwards of 1,200 boys and 500 girls are cared for and educated, a foundling asylum in Sixty-eighth Street, an asylum for deaf mutes at Fordham, home for destitute children and young girls, attached to St. Stephen's and St. Ann's Churches, homes for aged men and women, and new orphan asylums outside of New York city. To direct these institutions, and for the work of co-operation with the secular clergy, he has established communities of Dominicans, Franciscans, Capuchins, Little Sisters of the Poor, Franciscan Sisters, a German hospital, asylums and other charitable institutions. He has also labored strenuously to complete the new Cathedral in this city, which was commenced by Archbishop Hughes, and for which the present prelate has given \$10,000 from his private purse.

In personal appearance, the new Cardinal is well calculated to give dignity to the position. He is of a well-formed, compact, erect figure. He has a fine head, and a face expressive of intelligence and benevolence. In his manners he has an easy carriage and a calm affability that create convictions of sincerity and sterling goodness.

THE INVESTITURE.

The ceremony of conferring the *berretta* on Cardinal McCloskey took place at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York city, on Tuesday, April 27th. It was the most imposing religious spectacle ever witnessed in this country. The Catholic clergy were determined that the public proceedings which should mark the conferring of the Pope's highest honors upon an American priest should be celebrated with all the dignity and pomp befitting the occasion, and the Catholic community, and in fact many outside of the pale of the Church, considering that a great honor had been done to the American people in the selection of one of our citizens to be a member of the august College of Cardinals, warmly seconded every effort to make the event a grand and memorable occasion.

The Cathedral was beautifully decorated. From the roof of the sanctuary, immediately over the high-altar window, scarlet drapings were suspended, spreading from the middle of the arch to the capitals of the columns on either side. The margin of the hangings, which fell in festoons, was adorned with gold bullion. Drapings of the same style and material stretched from pinnacle to pinnacle of the reredos, throughout its whole extent, around the high altar to the altars of the Blessed Virgin and St. John on either side of the sanctuary. Directly in the rear of the high altar, extending the width of the altar, and rising at its highest point to the cupola of the tabernacle, was a large crimson screen in the shape of a half-moon, the margin of which was richly embroidered with gold. From this bright background the altar with its lights and flowers stood out in almost startling relief, as did the massive crucifix above from the screen that

draped the high-altar window. The tabernacle was plain white and gold. On its roof stood a brazen crucifix, and behind the crucifix a bed where red and white roses, lilies and pinks, slips of green and flowers of every kind bloomed. To the right and left of the tabernacle were two massive seven-branched candlesticks holding lighted tapers. Lower down were similar branches, somewhat smaller in size. In two brazen vases at each extremity of the altar were two lofty pyramids of crimson blossoms, the summits crowned with crosses of gold. Other vases filled with similar pyramids, though smaller in size, were interspersed between the branches of candlesticks.

Besides the multitude of lights on the high altar, gas jets branched out at intervals from the reredos that surrounds the sanctuary, and the side altars of the Virgin and St. John were illuminated. The pulpit was covered with velvet of a dark red color, fringed and ornamented with gold. The panels of the Cardinal's throne were filled with red velvet, while the dark polished oak of the wood-work was relieved here and there with a gold molding or ornament. Opposite to this throne, on the Epistle side of the sanctuary, a throne had been prepared for Archbishop Bayley of Baltimore. This throne stood on a level with that of the Cardinal, beneath a canopy of dark red velvet. Three steps led up from the floor of the sanctuary to both the thrones. Near the Paschal candle, on the Gospel side of the altar, stood a small table prepared for the reception of the Papal brief and the scarlet *berretta*. The front of the choir gallery, extending across the church over the main entrance, was covered with rich velvet hangings, and from the centre hung the Papal colors with the golden cross-keys.

Long before the hour appointed for the commencement of the ceremonies the neighborhood of the Cathedral was filled with an anxious crowd, but owing to the admirable police arrangements there was no confusion. Before the people had gathered in very large numbers a cordon of police officers had surrounded the whole space, lining both sides of the streets on which the Cathedral stands, extending through Mulberry, Prince, Mott and Houston Streets. None were allowed to pass through these streets unless holding a ticket to the ceremony. Every admission ticket bore upon it the number of the pew in which the holder was entitled to a seat, and this simple arrangement enabled the immense assemblage to be comfortably seated without any noise or confusion.

The interior of the church before the commencement of the ceremonies presented a beautiful and impressive appearance. The sunlight streaming through the colored glass windows, mingling with the radiance from the wax tapers and gas jets, gave a subdued and "dim religious light" to the scene. The gayly dressed spectators silently and quietly entered, and, after making the adoration to the cross, took their seats. Among the audience were many of the most prominent citizens of New York. The building was soon filled, excepting the centre aisle and the sanctuary. Suddenly the air was filled with the melodious tones from the grand organ.

While the vast audience were in breathless expectation, Mgr. Roncetti, the Pope's Legate, dressed in a long flowing purple robe, supported by his secretary, the Rev. Dr. Ubaldi, and the master of ceremonies, entered the sanctuary from the sacristy, bearing the *berretta* and the Papal briefs. After making the half-circuit of the sanctuary, they deposited these treasures at the left of the Cardinal's throne. The *berretta*, though carefully covered ere left, was for a moment disclosed to view. Except when made in the appropriate color, this article, unlike a cardinal's hat, is not peculiar to ecclesiastics of that rank; it is, on the contrary, the ordinary headgear of every priest. Having deposited in the sanctuary the objects of which he was yet the custodian, Mgr. Roncetti withdrew as he came.

In a few moments the doors of the sacristy again opened, and a procession of priests moved out. First came a Thurifer with censer, accompanied by an incense-bearer. A cross-bearer, bearing the processional cross between two acolytes with lighted candles, followed. All were dressed in black cassocks and white surplices. An assistant Master of Ceremonies, the Rev. John Salter, came next, followed by 12 acolytes in red cassocks and white surplices. Then the clergy of New York and other dioceses began to file in, two by two. This part of the procession seemed endless. All wore the plain black cassock, white cotta and black *berretta*. It was not brilliant colors, or vestments, or lights, that rendered this part of the procession so imposing; but the numbers and appearance of the men who composed it. For the most part they were men either young or in the prime of life; and the gravity of their appearance and dignity of movement that attended them lent an air of solemnity to this part of the scene. After leaving the sacristy, the clergy passed along the sanctuary to the middle, and there genuflecting, descended the middle aisle, where chairs had been placed for them, filling the aisle from the main entrance of the Cathedral up to the foot of the sanctuary.

A long pause now ensued. Most of the chaplains were in their places within the sanctuary. The organ had been playing all the time. The pause was broken by the entrance of the archbishops and bishops. With slow and solemn tread they entered, the lights flashing on glittering mitre and cope. The archbishops took their seats in the front chairs on either side of the sanctuary, and the bishops in due order. By this time sanctuary and church were filled, so that not a bare spot was visible through all the extent of the Cathedral.

The sub-deacon, deacon, celebrant and assistant priest followed the bishops and archbishops. The celebrant was the Right Rev. John Loughlin, Bishop of Brooklyn, with the Rev. Mr. McLean, of the Church of the Transfiguration, Deacon, the Rev. Mr. Dean, of the Cathedral, Sub-Deacon, and the Rev. Dr. McIlvane, of St. Stephen's, Assistant Priest. Archbishop Bayley, supported on the right by Dr. Foley, and on the left by the Abbé Vallon, followed. The Archbishop was conducted to the throne prepared for him, his attendants standing on either side. A cross-bearer, bearing a magnificent archiepiscopal cross, came next, preceding the Cardinal, who wore his archiepiscopal robes, and was without mitre or crozier. He moved on quietly to his throne, assisted on the right and left by two old and trusted friends, the Very Reverend William Quinn, the Vicar-General, and the Very Reverend T. S. Preston, the Chancellor of his diocese. The Master of Ceremonies, the Rev. J. Kearney, of the Cathedral, accompanied them. They were followed by the members of the Papal Legation—Monsignor Ubaldi in the purple and ermine robes of Ab-Legate of the Holy See, and Count Marefoschi in the full gala uniform of the Noble Guard in the service of the Pope. Dr. Ubaldi was dressed in plain black robes, and took his seat by the table on which were the scarlet *berretta* and the briefs. Count Marefoschi took his position to the left of the Cardinal's throne, where he stood almost motionless throughout the ceremony. Monsignor Roncetti took a seat a little

from the throne on the right. The Mass was then celebrated. At its conclusion all the prelates and clergy seated themselves, and the chief ceremony of the day began. The assistant priest of the Mass, the Rev. Dr. McIlvane, invited first the Archbishop of Baltimore, afterwards the Cardinal, to go to the altar. Both the prelates immediately left their thrones and ascended the altar-steps, and stood a few paces apart on their respective sides, the Cardinal wearing only the *zucchetto* or scarlet skullcap, the Archbishop retaining his mitre.

After the reading of the Pope's brief, and letters to Archbishop Bayley and Cardinal McCloskey, Monsignor Roncetti took the salver holding the *berretta* and presented it to Archbishop Bayley. After a brief address to the Cardinal, the Archbishop took the *berretta* from the salver, and advancing with it, placed it on the Cardinal's head. The Cardinal then addressed the clergy and the people, after which he retired into the sacristy to assume the robes of his new rank. The superb choir then chanted the "Te Deum." At the close Cardinal McCloskey reappeared arrayed in his scarlet robes, attended by his suite. His Eminence then pronounced the triple benediction by intoning the "Sit nomen Domini Benedictum" and "Adjutorum nostrum in nomine Domini," and turning around, he thrice signed with the cross the kneeling multitude, while he chanted "Benedic nos Omnipotens Deus, Pater et Filius, et Spiritus Sanctus." The choir answered the paternal prayer with its musical "Amen," and then the great and gorgeous ceremonies were ended. The priests who had filled the aisles of the Cathedral slowly withdrew in procession: the bishops filed away in grave, deliberate order; the archbishops followed in their robes and mitres; the Papal Guard in his startling uniform—the only representative of war in church dedicated to peace—marched with stately step away; the Legate of the Pope and his attendants passed from before the altar, and last of all the Cardinal, escorted by the Archbishop of Baltimore.

HON. SAMUEL S. LOWERY, N. Y. STATE SENATOR.

SENATOR LOWERY represents the Nineteenth Senatorial District, which is formed of Oneida County, including the city of Utica. He is a Republican in politics, was formerly a Whig, and is one of the purest and most genial members of the Senate. Senator Lowery is a man of unusual energy and good business tact. He is a native of County Down, North of Ireland; was born February 5th, 1811; and came to this country at the age of ten years. He is of Scotch-Irish parentage, his ancestors on the paternal side having lived in Ireland from the time of Cromwell, and his maternal ancestors one hundred years. These were all Protestants, and nearly all Presbyterians. He attended the common schools of his native county in Ireland, and later in this country. Being of a studious, determined nature, he early decided to improve every opportunity for gaining knowledge. He obtained employment in a woolen mill at the age of thirteen, and became a skillful and apt workman, and was for a considerable time engaged in machine-spinning, and sorting wool. While employed at this work he devised a system of training for himself, by using the wall before him, as he walked back and forth, as blackboard, on which he mastered a very complete knowledge of English grammar, and some knowledge in arithmetic. In this painstaking way, working day and night, aided by a good memory, and animated by a desire to improve his condition, he soon laid the foundation for a sound practical education, which has since been broadened and increased by a habit of keen observation of men and affairs, until, at the present moment, he justly ranks as one of the most safe, independent, intelligent, and thoroughly trustworthy legislators in the Senate or the State. Whatever Senator Lowery champions in earnest may be safely assumed as proper and right, and is almost certain to command the respect and support of his associate Senators, of all shades of opinion, while standing firmly by his political convictions and party on all questions when it is proper. He spurns all attempts to make him a subservient instrument to aid unjust legislative acts and schemes, no matter from what source they may emanate. This well-known characteristic has secured for Senator Lowery a profound respect among the people throughout the State, and made him a potent power in the Senate hardly second to that of any other member of that body. Senator Lowery, although of opposite politics, is an earnest supporter in the Senate of all Governor Tilden's reform measures.

Mr. Lowery is engaged in woolen manufacturing in Utica, and has a large force of operatives constantly at work, and makes a great sacrifice of personal interests in obedience to the wishes of his constituents by consenting to serve them in the Senate. He is one of the comparatively few men who are sought for to fill office by their constituents, and who never seek office, but are, nevertheless, always ready to perform all the duties of good citizenship. His example is one to be studied and followed by the youth of the State and country, and affords an impressive example of what unaided manliness and intelligent independence of character can achieve by faithful, persistent and honorable effort.

Mr. Lowery was elected to the Assembly in 1870, and served on the Committees on Public Education, Roads and Bridges, and State Charitable Institutions. In 1871 he was elected to the Senate by a majority of 1,591, and in 1873 was re-elected by a majority of 2,829. He is a member of the Finance Committee of the present Senate, and also Chairman of the Committee on Banks and Manufactures. His future continuance in public life on a broader scale will mainly depend on his own option, as it would be impossible to find a more popular representative citizen than Mr. Lowery is where he is known.

HON. ALANSON S. PAGE, MEMBER OF ASSEMBLY, NEW YORK.

HON. ALANSON S. PAGE represents the First Assembly District of Oswego County in the Assembly. He is the first Democrat elected from that district in twenty years. He was born at Providence, Saratoga County, in 1825; attended common and district schools until 1841, when he entered Fairway Academy, where he remained until 1843, after which he went to Oneida Conference Seminary. He read law in the office of S. & C. Stevens, in Albany. He was admitted to the Bar in 1848, and practiced a short time in Salina. He found the legal profession distasteful, and abandoned it for commercial pursuits. He is a manufacturer and importer of lumber, his principal mills being in Canada, and the distributing point, Oswego. Mr. Page was Mayor of the city of Oswego from the year 1869 to 1872, inclusive, being elected annually. He was elected to the Assembly by a plurality of 376—his opponents being Cheney Ames, Republican, and V. P. Hill, Prohibitionist. The Republican majority in the district in 1874 was 1,175.

Mr. Page is Chairman of the Canal Committee—one of the most important of the House—the duties of which office he discharges with ability. Though a lifelong Democrat, Mr. Page is in no sense a politician. He has never sought office, and has always accepted it with great reluctance. He is a man of good presence, and wins the sincere regard and confidence of all who are brought in contact with him. His personal popularity and recognized probity are such that he commands the votes of all parties in the local contests for the election of municipal officers in Oswego.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

AN INTERNATIONAL CONFERENCE FOR TELEGRAPHY will be held at St. Petersburg on the 1st of June. Twenty-four nations and twenty-four submarine companies are said to have agreed to send delegates to deliberate on a new telegraph convention.

SWEDISH NEWSPAPERS report the discovery of a large deposit of haematite iron ore in the district of Nordland, Norway, some fifteen or twenty miles from Bodø, and only about ten or twelve miles from a Norwegian port which is completely free from ice. The analysis of the ore shows that it contains between fifty-four and sixty-seven percent of iron, and only a very small percentage of phosphates.

DINGLEY'S POLYTECHNIC JOURNAL contains an account of researches made by Dr. Otto Krause, of Annaberg, on tobacco-smoke, which he finds contains a considerable quantity of carbonic oxide. The after-effects of smoking are said to be principally caused by this poisonous gas, as the smoker never can prevent a part of the smoke from descending to the lungs, and thus the poisoning is unavoidable. The author is of opinion that the after-effects are all the more energetic, the more inexperienced the smoker is, and he thus explains the unpleasant results of the first attempt at smoking, which are generally ascribed to nicotine alone.

THE INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS ON SILK-CULTURE is to hold its fifth meeting at Milan during 1876. The Committee has sent a programme of experiments to be made during 1875 to all silk-culturists of Europe. This programme treats of the most important questions connected with the keeping of silkworms, the prevention of their diseases, particularly of their "in-civility"; the latter is a disease which has done great damage of late years. M. Pasteur has proposed as a remedy to isolate the deposits of ova into separate cells; but this has proved entirely ineffective. However, with investigators like Cornalia, Duclaux, Bolle, and others, on this field, it may safely be expected that means and ways will soon be found to prevent any serious diseases from raging among silkworms and their ova.

THE FRENCH are trying to open a regular trade with Timbuctoo and Soudan via Tusalah, the chief city of Touarega. They have recently conquered the oasis of Goleah, about 600 miles from the coast. It is from that place that M. Paul Soleillet, the enterprising Sahara explorer, will start for Tusalah, having to march the distance of only 900 miles. The colonization of Algeria has recently received a strong impulse from more than 10,000 Alsace-Lorrainers having settled in the colony. The European population is increasing not only by a sensible flow of emigration, but by the excess of births over deaths. The colonists, exclusive of the army, now number 250,000, while the native population is not more than 2,250,000. The Governor of the three provinces is General Chanzy, who has decided on the institution of three annual fairs to be held in the southern part of the province. Goleah being too far South, a city will be founded for that purpose at about 300 miles from the coast, in the eastern province.

PERSONAL GOSSIP.

CARDINAL ANTONELLI has Bright's disease.

MME. GEORGE SAND proposes a novel based on the Tilton-Beecher trial, that being the strangest story of which she has ever heard.

COUNT CORTI, the Italian Minister at Washington, is to be removed to Madrid, and succeeded by Signor Blanc. Italy wants her best diplomats to watch the "peace of Europe" on the spot.

The English aristocracy are anxious that the Prince of Wales should make the proposed excursion to India; but as the trip will cost over a million of dollars, the rate-payers do most earnestly protest.

M. THIERS is good for several decades. His work on "Treaty of Natural Philosophy," which has engaged a portion of his off time during the last thirty years, is nearly finished. When this is off the stocks, he will tackle the Franco-Prussian war.

MISS IDA GREELEY, eldest daughter of the late sage of Chappaqua, was married last week to Colonel Nicholas Smith, of Kentucky. Mrs. Smith was her father's "man of business" during the last few years of his life, has traveled extensively throughout Europe, and is a young lady of high culture and retiring habits.

DANIEL McFARLAND, who killed Albert Richardson, was seen on Broadway last week, the merest wreck of his former self. He was acquitted on the charge of murder as being insane. If this was true, some one is to blame for allowing him to stalk the streets where he might play his little game a second time.

CARDINAL MANNING, who is reported in an alarming condition of health, is the son of a former London merchant of much prominence, and is sixty-five years of age. He was brought up in the ultra High Church party, but in 1851 he resigned all his preferences, and joined the Roman Catholic Church, entering the priesthood six years later. He became Archbishop of Westminster in 1865, on the death of Cardinal Wiseman, and is now an ardent disciple of the thoroughgoing Ultramontane school.

CARL SCHURZ's trip to Europe recalls a good anecdote of the Emperor of Germany. His father, the king, was obliged to give way before the insurrection of 1848, and the present Emperor fled from Berlin in disguise. Passing through the fortresses of Spandau he stopped at the hotel of a man, afterwards implicated in the pursuit of the deliverers of Professor Kinkel, the chief of whom was General Schurz. When the landlord was being tried, he was asked if he had not been in the habit of harboring political refugees. He replied: "I recollect only two—Professor Kinkel, and another gentleman of high standing, in civilian clothes, who called himself a major, and fled from Berlin in 1848." This other gentleman was the present Emperor.

THEODO

HON. CARL SCHURZ.

CARL SCHURZ, ex-United States Senator from Missouri, and one of the foremost of the Liberal Republican leaders of 1872, is a native of Liblar, Germany, and was born on the 2d of March, 1829. He was educated at the Collegiate Institute of Cologne, and the University of Bonn. During the memorable revolution of 1848, he was a most persistent advocate of civil liberty, and was editor of a paper that took the side of the "rebels." He was then recognized as a fearless writer and speaker. Remaining in the editorial chair until the exigencies of the times demanded the presence in the field of every friend of the movement, he dropped the pen, strapped on the sword, and took his first lesson in practical military life. Upon the surrender of Rastadt he with others fled into Switzerland, where he remained several months. Hearing that an old companion-in-arms had been sentenced to an imprisonment of twenty-six years, he returned from his refuge disguised as a wandering minstrel, and succeeded in releasing his friend. He then fled to London, and for three years alternated between that city and Paris, supporting himself by teaching and corresponding for several newspapers.

In 1852 he came to this country, and four years later entered upon a political career that has since proven one of the most distinguished and remarkable. He went into the Presidential canvass with the utmost heartiness, addressing himself solely to the German element. But when Mr. Douglas and Mr. Lincoln began their contest for the United States Senate, Mr. Schurz astonished his friends by addressing both German and English audiences with equal ardor and clearness of expression. He was elected a member of the Republican National Convention of 1860, and became one of Mr. Lincoln's most valuable supporters. Upon the election of the Martyr President, he appointed Mr. Schurz United States Minister to Spain. He remained at Madrid just long enough to hear of the outbreak of the war, when he resigned the portfolio, returned to this country and entered the army as a Brigadier General of Volunteers. His service embraced the entire duration of the war, and was one of marked distinction. At the close of the struggle, President Johnson appointed him a commissioner to inquire into the condition of the Southern States and the Freedman's Bureau. As his report did not accord with the President's singular "policy," Mr. Schurz resigned the commission and entered journalism in St. Louis.

He was a delegate to the Chicago

Convention of 1868, and was elected to the United States Senate to succeed Mr. Henderson, and took his seat, March 4th, 1869. Up to the time President Grant inaugurated his remarkable scheme for personal aggrandizement, Senator Schurz gave him faithful support. But in 1872, in conjunction with Senator Sumner he jumped the party traces, and, while not renouncing his Republican principles, he gave his adhesion to the Liberal movement, considering it the best means presented to preserve the dignity, honor and welfare of the country. His career in the Senate is still fresh, and will ever be held in honorable recollection.

At the last election he was defeated by General Cockerell, a Democrat, in the Senatorial contest, much to the disappointment of the friends of free thought, free speech, personal and civil liberty throughout the country.

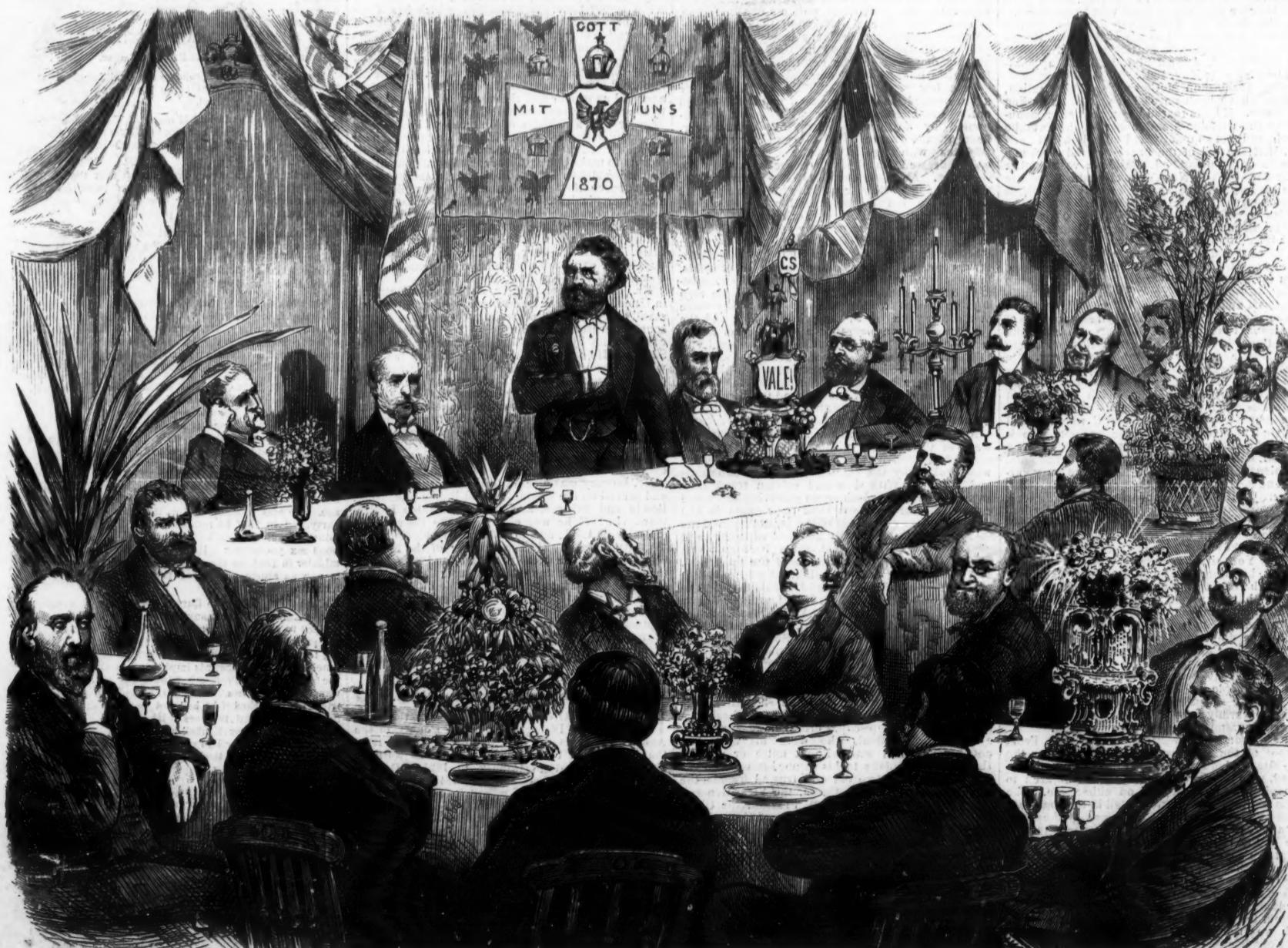
During his recent short stay in New York, prior to his departure for Europe, he was the recipient of unusual honors. On Monday, April 28th, a party of prominent German gentlemen entertained him with a banquet at Delmonico's; on Tuesday evening some of the most distinguished American citizens of New York extended a like honor to him at the same place, and on Wednesday his German fellow-citizens dined and wined the distinguished orator, and tendered to him a serenade and torchlight procession.

The banquet on Tuesday evening was a magnificent ovation, and brought together some of the best representative men of the metropolis. Among the prominent gentlemen present were William M. Evarts, Parker Godwin, Cyrus W. Field, Murat Halstead, Dr. Hammond, Surgeon-General United States Army, Whitelaw Reid, David A. Wells, Professor Botta, Peter Cooper, Charles Francis Adams, Jr., Henry Adams, Algernon S. Sullivan, Howard Potter, S. B. Chittenden, Elliot C. Cowdin, General Francis C. Barlow and many others. Speeches were made by William M. Evarts, Parker Godwin, David A. Wells, Charles Francis Adams, Jr., and others, and an able address was delivered by Ex-Senator Schurz.

The German tribute to Carl Schurz on Wednesday evening called out all the enthusiasm of our German fellow-citizens. The banquet was spread in Delmonico's large dining-hall, which was elaborately decorated. The company included the leading German residents of the city. The chair was occupied by Dr. Ernst Krackowizer. At his right sat the guests of the evening, Oswald Ottendorfer and Joseph Seligman; and at his left Bayard Taylor, ex-Governor



HON. CARL SCHURZ, EX-SENATOR OF THE UNITED STATES.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.



NEW YORK CITY.—FAREWELL DINNER GIVEN BY GERMAN RESIDENTS TO HON. CARL SCHURZ, AT DELMONICO'S, APRIL 28TH, ON THE EVE OF THE EX-SENATOR'S DEPARTURE FOR A EUROPEAN TOUR.



THE LATE JOHN HARPER, ESQ.

Edward Salomon and ex-Park Commissioner Philip Bessinger. The committee having charge of the entertainment were Dr. Krackowizer, Dr. Jacobi, Dr. Noeggerath, Oswald Ottendorfer, Philip Bessinger, F. M. Maas, E. Rose, Alfred Schlesinger, ex-Governor Salomon, J. Seligman, William Steinway, L. J. Stastey, Dr. L. Weber, H. Wessendenck, D. Joseph Wiener, Dr. Frederick Zinsser and Dr. Althof. About 150 persons sat down to dinner, among whom were Edward Schlesinger, Justice Otterbourg, Charles Rose, Eugene Ballin, the German Consul-General Schumaker, Frederick Scheck, General Franz Sigel, Samuel Ward, Dr. L. Arcularius, August Belmont, F. A. Borer, Dr. J. Goldmark, C. Godfrey Gunther, School Commissioner Klamroth and Trand, Sigismund Kanfman, P. Kruling, Karl Pfeiffer, George Steck, Charles Althof, B. Westerman and G. H. Withaus.

Besides a speech from the distinguished guest, short addresses were made by Dr. Krackowizer, ex-Governor Salomon, Bayard Taylor and Dr. Noeggerath. At half-past ten o'clock a brilliant torchlight procession, participated in by the New York Turn Verein, the German Literary Society, the German Citizens' and Municipal Reform Association, the German Tailors' Union, the Lincoln Society, the Mangunta Society, and others, accompanied by bands of music, marched from Turn Hall to Delmonico's, where Mr. Schurz was honored by a serenade and presented with a complimentary address. In reply, he expressed his thanks for the compliment paid him by the German societies of New York, and on retiring he was saluted with loud cheers.

THE LATE JOHN HARPER.

THE death of John Harper, at his residence in New York city, on the 22d of April, was an event not wholly unlooked for. His usually good health suffered a severe check by the loss of his two brothers, James and Joseph Wesley, and to this was added a series of physical shocks, resembling paralysis, which greatly accelerated the process of dissolution. He was the second in the point of birth of the four Harper brothers, and, with James, founded the firm. The father was a gentleman of high culture, sturdy principle, and remarkable perseverance—characteristics that were vividly illustrated in his sons, and which, in their amplification, contributed in the largest degree to the ultimate immense success of Harper & Brothers.

John was born in Newtown, L. I., in 1797. When mere lads, James and John were apprenticed in a printing-house in New York, the first becoming a thorough master of the intricacies of the press-room; while the second was a remarkably accurate proof-reader and expert

HON. JAMES M. OAKLEY, MEMBER OF ASSEMBLY, NEW YORK.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY HAINES.—SEE PAGE 162.

compositor. After a service of five or six years, the brothers entered into a partnership to commence business upon their own account, and in 1816 the firm of J. & J. Harper was announced. For several years they carried on the details of their establishment—one as pressman, the other as compositor. By their strict attention, careful and tasteful method of proceeding, and conscientious dealing with their patrons, they soon attained a position of much promise. The slight indications of success urged them to greater enterprise, while the scope of their business enlarged almost imperceptibly.

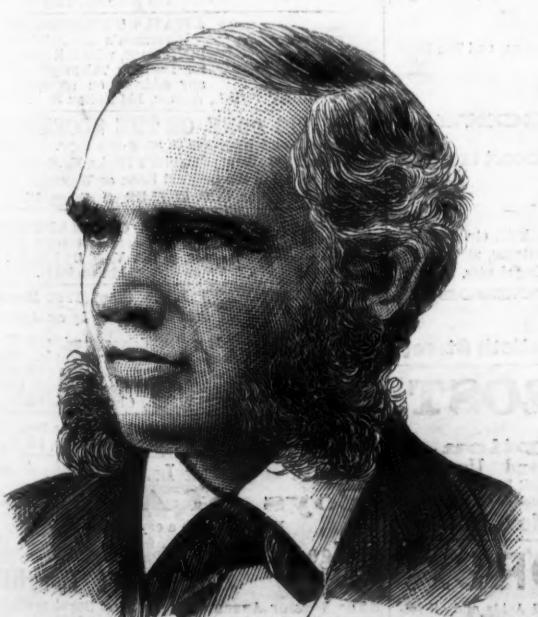
In 1823, Joseph Wesley, who had also been apprenticed to the printers' trade, entered the firm, and three years later Fletcher, the sole survivor, was admitted.

From the modest quarters on Dover Street, the brothers successively removed to Fulton, near Broadway, then to Cliff, where they occupied nine buildings, which were completely destroyed by fire in 1853. Their present mammoth structure on Cliff Street and Franklin Square was then constructed from plans drawn by the last deceased brother, and under his immediate supervision.

John Harper, like his brothers, had his place in the business of the firm, managing the department for which his natural tastes and thorough study had so eminently fitted him. He was a business man of the old-fashioned, plodding sort—accurate in all things. He possessed an unyielding determination, a liberal and tolerant mind, and a disposition of the most approachable and pleasing character.

HON. EDWARDS PIERREPONT,
ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

EDWARDS PIERREPONT was born at North Haven, Conn., March 4th, 1817. He is descended from the Rev. James Pierrepont, one of the founders of Yale College, who in those old colonial days, when blood and title had more weight than in these modern days, was proud to trace his lineage from an old Norman soldier, Robert de Pierrepont, who came over to England with the Conqueror. The family name was Robert; Pierrepont was the designation or title, the head of the family taking the name of the castle and estates, which derived their name from a stone bridge, built in Normandy, in the time of Charlemagne, to take the place of a ferry, which was then considered a great work. Edwards is the direct descendant of Joseph, the third son of the Rev. James Pierrepont.

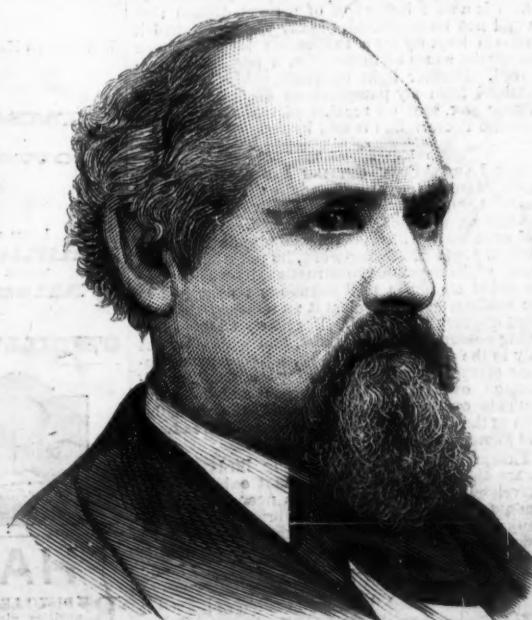
HON. S. S. LOWRY, NEW YORK STATE SENATOR.—PHOTOGRAPHED
BY HAINES.—SEE PAGE 169.

HON. EDWARDS PIERREPONT, NEWLY-APPOINTED UNITED STATES ATTORNEY-GENERAL.

Edwards Pierrepont, the new Attorney-General, received his early instruction from Noah Porter, now President of Yale College, who, at that time, was Principal of the Hopkins Grammar School at New Haven. He graduated at Yale College with high honors in the Class of 1837, in which were also William M. Evarts and Chief-Justice Waite. Four years later, after graduating from the New Haven Law School under Judges Daggett and Hitchcock, Mr. Pierrepont removed to Columbus, O., where he engaged in the practice of the law. In 1846 he removed to New York, and married the daughter of Samuel A. Willoughby, a prominent citizen of Brooklyn. In 1857 he was elected a Judge of the Superior Court to fill the vacancy occasioned by the death of Chief-Justice Oakley, but resigned in 1860 and resumed the practice of law. Two years later President Lincoln appointed him a member of the Military and Civil Commission for the trial of prisoners of State. He was also one of the prosecuting counsel in the Surratt trial. He was a warm friend of President Lincoln, and in 1864 was active in endeavoring to organize the War Democrats in favor of Lincoln's re-election. In 1867 he was a member of the Constitutional Convention of the State of New York, and one of the Judiciary Committee. During General Grant's first Presidential contest, Judge Pierrepont was one of his most ardent supporters, making large subscriptions and numerous speeches. In 1868 President Grant appointed him Attorney of the United States for New York, which position he held until 1870. The post of Minister to Russia was afterwards proffered to Judge Pierrepont, but he declined it.

Among the best-known legal cases in which Judge Pierrepont has been engaged were the Weed-Odyke libel suit, the Merchant Will, the Foreman Will, the Gardner Will in favor of Mrs. Ex-President Tyler, the noted case of the United States against Konstam for frauds, and the suit against General Butler. Upon resigning his seat upon the bench in 1860, Judge Pierrepont wrote a letter to the Governor upon corruptions in the Government. In the Autumn of 1870 he was an active member of the Committee of Seventy. Since that time he has been connected with the Texas and Pacific Railroad.

Mr. Pierrepont is a man of erect, stately figure, with a large, intellectual head. His features are regular and highly expressive of the mental and moral culture which are characteristic of the man. In his manners he is courtly and polite, but never familiar. He is a powerful and eloquent speaker at the Bar, and on all other occasions. His record as a public man and private citizen is unblemished, and he possesses in an eminent degree all the requisites for the high position to which he has been called.

HON. ALANSON S. PAGE, MEMBER OF ASSEMBLY, N. Y.—PHOTOGRAPHED
BY CHURCHILL.—SEE PAGE 169.

COLONEL JAMES M. OAKLEY,
NEW YORK ASSEMBLY.

HON. JAMES M. OAKLEY is the Democratic representative from the Second Assembly District of Queens County in the New York State Legislature. He was born in the city of New York, on the 19th day of June, 1839, and is thirty-five years of age. He is of medium height, of full habit, and a man who achieves success by personal influence rather than by force.

As a legislator, he is vigilant, being ever on the alert, but in no case does his manner—even under the most trying emergencies—indicate the depth of his feeling on the subject under discussion, nor does his action disclose the work he is performing. As by intuition, he grasps a political or a legislative situation with a rare perceptive faculty, and at once proceeds to perfect his combinations which are to secure success for or against a measure. A general favorite among members on the floors of both House and Senate, and of leading men in the State, he is very successful in rallying even his opponents around him in an emergency. He seems to be a natural organizer, and has run the gauntlet of defeat on several occasions in a district which is often anti-Democratic. He is the oldest Democratic representative on the floor in point of successive terms, this being his fifth year of service in the Assembly. This interesting fact attests his personal popularity.

Mr. Oakley received a good academic education, and for years has been engaged as an auctioneer in connection with ex-Senator E. A. Lawrence in the city of New York, and for some time was employed in the real estate business. He has served on various committees, such as Roads and Bridges, Banks, Militia, the Sub-committee of the Whole, and this year was made Chairman of the Committee on Commerce and Navigation, and second on the Committee on Insurance, acting at present as Chairman of said Committee in consequence of Mr. Faulkner's absence as a member of the Canal Investigating Committee. In 1872 a vigorous effort was made to defeat him by his opponents, but he was successful over Republican opposition as well as factional splits in his own party. In 1873 he defeated a very popular opponent, Henry C. Johnson, of Astoria, and in 1874 his majority over an equally popular man was 1,058. He was the youngest delegate from New York to the Democratic National Convention, held at Baltimore in 1872.

Early in the session he was made Paymaster on the staff of General Dakin, of Brooklyn, which gave him the rank of Colonel. Mr. Oakley has a bright future before him as an ardent and zealous co-worker in the cause of all that pertains to reform. He is an intelligent and warm supporter of Governor Tilden's policy in its main characteristics.

A FEW WORDS TO FEEBLE AND
DELICATE WOMEN,

By R. V. PIERCE, M.D., of the WORLD'S DISPENSARY, Buffalo, N. Y.

Knowing that you are subject to a great amount of suffering, that delicacy on your part has a strong tendency to prolong, and the longer it is neglected the more you have to endure and the more difficult of cure your case becomes, I, as a physician who is daily consulted by scores of your sex, desire to say to you that I am constantly meeting with those who have been treated for their ailments for months without being benefited in the least, until they have become perfectly disengaged, and have almost made up their minds never to take another dose of medicine, nor be tortured by any further treatment. They had rather die and have their sufferings ended than to live and suffer as they have. They say they are worn out by suffering, and are only made worse by treatment. Of anything more discouraging, we certainly cannot conceive, and were there no more successful mode of treating such difficulties than that, the principles of which teach the reducing and depleting of the vital forces of the system, when the indications dictate a treatment directly the reverse of the one adopted for them, their cases would be deplorable indeed. But lady sufferers, there is a better and far more successful treatment for you; one more in harmony with the laws and requirements of your system. A harsh, irritating caustic treatment and strong medicines will never cure you. If you would use rational means, such as common sense should dictate to every intelligent lady, take such medicines as embody the very best invigorating tonics and nervines, compounded with special reference to your delicate system. Such a happy combination you will find in my Favorite Prescription which has received the loudest praise from thousands of your sex. Those languid, tiresome sensations causing you to feel scarcely able to be well on your feet or ascend a flight of stairs; that continual drain that is sapping from your systems all your former elasticity, and driving the bloom from your cheeks; that continual strain upon your vital forces that renders you irritable and fretful, may all be overcome and subdued by a persevering use of that marvelous remedy. Irregularities and obstructions to the proper workings of your systems are relieved by this mild and safe means, while periodical pains, the existence of which is a sure indication of serious disease that should not be neglected, readily yield to it, and if its use is kept up for a reasonable length of time the special cause of these pains is permanently removed. Further light on these subjects may be obtained from my pamphlet on diseases peculiar to your sex, sent on receipt of two stamps. My Favorite Prescription is sold by druggists.

THE LADIES' COZY CUTTING AND SEWING TABLE needs scarcely any commendation in view of its growing popularity and comparative luxury over the various agencies hitherto in use. The facility and expedition with which it enables one to accomplish all kinds of sewing-work, its portability, and, above all, its ingenious construction, by which it can be folded up like a pocket-knife and deposited in the smallest space, renders it an indispensable adjunct of every household. Peculiarly adapted to a sitting posture, from is lowness, and suitability not only to the action of the body, but the manipulations of the seamstress, it enjoys a sanitary advantage over the old, cumbersome and fatiguing methods of operation, and should, therefore, be seen at the Domestic Building, corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street.

The majority of people keeping Birds are not aware that their little pets cannot exist without gravel, but it is a fact, and this necessary article can not be given in any better form than what is known as Singer's Patent Gravel Paper. The Gravel Paper is beneficial in many respects, and is also a great convenience. Can be had of any druggist or bird-dealer.

We have received the second edition of the "Art of Canvassing: or, Agents' Aid"; this edition has had many improvements on the first, and must have had a large sale to warrant bringing out a second edition so soon. We will venture to say, that it

will enable any one, male or female, to make a good living. It is published by the New York Book Concern, 7 Warren Street, N. Y., which has produced many handsomely illustrated works of late.

A Valuable and Important Letter from Rev.
Dr. Deems, Pastor of the Church of the
Strangers.

NO. 4 WINTHROP PLACE, NEW YORK.

It gives me great pleasure to introduce to the favorable notice of my personal friends Dr. E. B. Lighthill, a physician whom I am able to recommend for unusual skill, from the success with which he has treated a daughter of mine. When I placed her under his treatment she was suffering from catarrh in an obstinate form, which had progressed so far as to injure her whole constitution. Dr. Lighthill succeeded not only in effecting a radical and permanent cure of the catarrh, but also in restoring her health completely.

Finding in my Pastoral work how widespread catarrhal affections are, it has occurred to me that it is a simple Christian duty to give Dr. Lighthill this statement, trusting that he may use it so as to make others know where they may have skill and attention, which I do not believe can be surpassed in the present state of medical science in this department.

And I deem it due to myself that it be stated that Dr. Lighthill's fee was fully discharged in currency, and this at least is not a clergyman's payment of a pecuniary obligation by an expression of gratitude.

CHARLES F. DEEMS.

DR. LIGHTHILL receives patients from 9 to 3 at his OFFICE, No. 212 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

ELECTRICITY THE GREATEST BOON!

PAOLI's Electro-Voltic Chain Belt, the wonderful scientific discovery, effects permanent cures of Chronic Diseases, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Kidney Disease, etc., etc. Electricity is life! PAOLI's Belt gives a continuous current of electricity to the body, restoring the vital forces, and curing nervous debility and general exhaustion. The most eminent physicians use and recommend them. What sufferer who values his life will not try this great Therapeutic agent and live? For Circulars and Testimonials address, PAOLI BELT COMPANY, 12 Union Square, New York.

Cabinet Changes must inevitably continue as long as an administration is unpopular. Good government is the true secret of official stability, just as SAPOLIO, in all its applications as a cleanser, polisher and purifier, is permanent and lasting.

Successful Speculating in Stocks.—The most remarkable instance of making money from a small start is before us. A gentleman invested \$106.25 through Messrs. Tumbridge & Co., Bankers and Brokers, 2 Wall Street, N. Y., who bought him a Call on 100 shares of Union Pacific, on which he made \$2,200 profit. This firm have a prominent banking office at the corner of Wall Street and Broadway. Parties wishing to speculate will find it to their advantage to address them.

Ladies'—Two cut paper patterns of any style of Mine, Harris's make, will be sent to those subscribing for THE YOUNG LADIES' FASHION JOURNAL. It has all the latest styles, with excellent reading. The JOURNAL will be sent every month, free of postage, for one year on receipt of 36 cents. Send stamp for copy. Patterns of any article and of the latest style sent to any address on receipt of 15 cents each. MME. HARRIS, 785 Broadway, N. Y.

F. J. Nash removed to 781 Broadway, New York, opposite A. T. Stewart's, manufacturer of SOLID GOLD JEWELRY of every description. The stock is large, very choice, and is offered at retail at trade prices to keep our workmen going. Ladies' and gents' gold watches of the best makers, and chains of the best styles, at extremely low rates. Bills under \$15, P. O. order in advance; over \$15, C.O.D., privilege to examine. Catalogues free.

Misfit Carpets, all sizes, and rich patterns, very cheap, at the old place, 112 FULTON STREET.

[Side Entrance.]

PECULIAR BOOKS FREE. Send your address and that of a friend, to Loc. Box 23, P. O., Phila., Pa.

Magic Lantern and 100 Slides for \$100.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 591 Broadway, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Megaloscopes, Albums and Photographs of Celebrities. Photo-Lantern Slides a specialty. Manufacturers of Photographic Materials. Awarded First Premium at Vienna Exposition.

The Metallic Butter Package Co. The most economical package ever offered to the trade. Circulars sent free, and all information given upon application to L. A. RILEY, Secretary, 150 Chambers St., N. Y.

Keep your Bird in Health and Song by using SINGER'S PATENT Gravel Paper. For sale by all druggists and bird and cage-dealers.

Music Teachers and Students unacquainted with the merits of Clarke's New Method for the Piano Forte would do well to examine the work, which has already gained the indorsements and been adopted by thousands of our most successful teachers. Sent by mail for \$3.75. LEE & WALKER, Publishers, Philadelphia.

The Metallic Butter Package Co. The most economical package ever offered to the trade. Circulars sent free, and all information given upon application to L. A. RILEY, Secretary, 150 Chambers St., N. Y.

French Chip Hats and Bonnets. Trimmed in the most artistic and latest style.

Misses', Children's & Infants' Trimmed Hats. IN GREAT VARIETY. Magnificent and unequalled stock of STRAW GOODS!

Will open on Monday, 30 cases NEW CHIP HATS—the very latest novelties in Black, White, Brown, and Tan Drab, in all the new Parisian shades. Special Novelties in LADIES' TIES.

The Largest Retail Assortment in the City.

IMMENSE REDUCTION IN RIBBONS. SASH RIBBONS, 7, 8, and 9 inch, in all the new shades.

Flowers, Feathers, Wreaths, Montures, Garlands. In great variety.

LACE DEPARTMENT. Large assortment of new and exquisite designs in made-up Lace Articles, Sleeveless Jackets, etc.

Ruffles at all prices. **Embroideries**—Great variety of patterns, at very low prices. **Kid Gloves**—Choice assortment of Kids and all the new Spring shades.

Misses', Children's and Infants' Dresses. In all the Latest Designs.

O'NEILL'S, 327 and 329 Sixth Avenue and 103 West Twentieth Street.

RICHARD W. FROST, MANUFACTURER OF FIRST-CLASS

Furniture of Every Description.

Patent Bureau and Wardrobe Bedsteads \$25.00 and Upwards.

Furniture repaired, varnished and reupholstered. Steamboats, Hotels and Public Buildings furnished at the shortest notice. All Goods purchased of my house guaranteed as represented.

No. 112 FOURTH AVE., Bet. 10th & 12th Sts., New York.

HARRIS'S "P.P." LIQUORS.

E-DISTILLED in Vacuo at 83 Farenheit, and thus rendered absolutely free from *Fuse Oil Acids* and all Impurities, gives no headache, causes no nausea, creates no craving, no dryness of tongue or throat, but stimulates and cheers without unduly exciting the brain or nervous system. No traveler should be without a flask! No other Liquors should be used, either for medicinal or convivial purposes. The OLIVER & HARRIS COMPANY for Rectifying in Vacuo (incorporated). Rectifying House, 641 Hudson St., N. Y.

Also in London, England; and Paris, France.

COLONEL JAMES M. OAKLEY,
NEW YORK ASSEMBLY.

HON. JAMES M. OAKLEY is the Democratic

representative from the Second Assembly

District of Queens County in the New York State

Legislature. He was born in the city of New

York, on the 19th day of June, 1839, and is thirty-

five years of age. He is of medium height, of full

habit, and a man who achieves success by per-

sonal influence rather than by force.

As a legislator, he is vigilant, being ever on the

alert, but in no case does his manner—even under

the most trying emergencies—indicate the depth of

his feeling on the subject under discussion, nor

does his action disclose the work he is performing.

As by intuition, he grasps a political or a

legislative situation with a rare perceptive faculty,

and at once proceeds to perfect his combinations

which are to secure success for or against a

measure. A general favorite among members on

the floors of both House and Senate, and of leading

men in the State, he is very successful in rallying

even his opponents around him in an emergency.

He seems to be a natural organizer, and has run

the gauntlet of defeat on several occasions in a

district which is often anti-Democratic. He is the

oldest Democratic representative on the floor in

point of successive terms, this being his fifth year

of service in the Assembly. This interesting fact

attests his personal popularity.

Mr. Oakley received a good academic education,

and for years has been engaged as an auctioneer

in connection with ex-Senator E. A. Lawrence

in the city of New York, and for some time was employed

in the real estate business. He has served on vari-

ous committees, such as Roads and Bridges,

Banks, Militia, the Sub-committee of the Whole,

and this year was made Chairman of the Com-

mittee on Commerce and Navigation, and second on

the Committee on Insurance, acting at present as

Chairman of said Committee in conse-

quence of Mr. Faulkner's absence as a mem-

ber of the Canal Investigating Committee. In

1872 a vigorous effort was made to defeat him by

his opponents, but he was successful over Repub-

lican opposition as well as factional splits in his

own party. In 1873 he defeated a very popular

opponent, Henry C. Johnson, of Astoria, and in

1874 his majority over an equally popular man was

1,058. He was the youngest delegate from New

York to the Democratic National Convention, held at

Baltimore in 1872.

And I deem it due to myself that it be stated that Dr.

Lighthill's fee was fully discharged in currency, and this at least is not a clergyman's payment of a pecuniary ob-

ligation by an expression of gratitude.

CHARLES F. DEEMS.

Dr. LIGHTHILL receives patients from 9 to 3 at his

OFFICE, No. 212 FIFTH AVE., NEW YORK.

It gives me great pleasure to introduce to the favorable

notice of my personal friends Dr. E. B. Lighthill, a phy

The Traveler's Guide.

Albemarle Hotel,
FIFTH AVENUE, corner Twenty-fourth Street,
Opposite Madison Park.
HENRY HAGAMAN, Proprietor.

Brevoort House,
FIFTH AVENUE, near Washington Square, New York.
A quiet Hotel, with Restaurant of peculiar excellence; its patrons are of the best families of this country and Europe.
C. C. WAITE, Resident Partner.
CLARK & WAITE, Proprietors.

Belmont Hotel.
European Plan. Fulton through to Ann St., near Broadway. Rooms, 50 cents and upwards. New family rooms. Meals at low prices. Open all night.

Gilsey House.
COR. BROADWAY AND 29TH STREET, NEW YORK.
On the European Plan." J. H. BRESLIN, Proprietor.

Irving House,
(European Plan.)
BROADWAY AND TWELFTH STREET, NEW YORK.
Two Blocks from Union Square.
GEORGE P. HARLOW Proprietor.

St. Nicholas Hotel,
BROADWAY,
AT
BROOME AND SPRING STREETS.

Hoffman House,
AND RESTAURANT,
Said by all travelers to be the best hotel in the world.
BROADWAY, FIFTH AVENUE and MADISON SQUARE, N. Y.
G. H. READ, Proprietor.

Barnum's Hotel,
20TH STREET AND BROADWAY, N. Y.
THERON BARNUM (formerly Barnum's Hotel, St. Louis), Proprietor.
Most eligible location in New York.

Sturtevant House,
1180 BROADWAY, 28th & 29th STREETS, NEW YORK
American Plan. Board, \$4.00 per day.
LEWIS & GEO. S. LELAND, Proprietors.

THE FLORENCE Sewing-Machine Co., FLORENCE, MASS.

Desire to introduce their new and improved Machine into those towns where there is now no agency for their sale. To this end they offer special inducements to CLUBS or SINGLE PURCHASERS. Send to above address for circulars.

The Florence is unequalled for simplicity, beauty, durability and serviceableness. It is the only machine with a reversible feed, and the only one that gives the purchaser the choice of sewing in any direction.

Florence Sewing Machines have been used constantly in families and shops for twelve years without requiring repairs, doing good work all the time.

PORTABLE SODA FOUNTAINS,
\$40, \$50, \$75, and \$100.
GOOD, DURABLE & CHEAP,
SHIPPED READY FOR USE.
Manufactured by CHAPMAN & CO., MADISON, IND.
Send for Catalogue.

MULTUM IN PARVO.
ELLIS'S PATENT NEEDLE THREADER, THREAD CUTTER, AND SEAM RIPPER for the Sewing Machine, is simple, practical, and valuable. By mail, 25c. and 3c. stamp, or with half a dozen best Standard Needles, 5c. and stamp. Agents wanted.

H. A. ELLIS, Box 342, Springfield, Mass.

Bryan's Tasteless Vermifuge
Clears the System of Worms—Removes the cause—No Taste, no Smell. Price, 25 cents. 499 Greenwich Street.

SHOT-GUNS, RIFLES, PISTOLS, REVOLVERS,
Of any and every kind. Send stamp for Catalogue. Address Great Western Gun and Revolver Works, Pittsburgh, Pa.

MAN MURDERED and identified. How! by Boston Hand Stamp Co., Boston, Mass.

"**GEM**" - EGAR PIPE (Pat.) a perfect-looking Fe ar, Chromos and NEW Novelties. Large Profits. SIMPSON & SMITH, 66 Cortland St., N. Y.

A FORTUNE FOR \$1.
Positively the Last Postponement.
"NOW IS YOUR TIME."
Dame Fortune helps those who help themselves.

LEGALLY AUTHORIZED.
The Texas Gift Concert Association,

In Aid of Public Improvements in the city of Denison, Texas.

WILL GIVE A GRAND CONCERT
MONDAY, MAY 31st, 1875,
And will Distribute to the Ticket-Holders

\$250,000 IN GIFTS!
The Concert and distribution of Gifts guaranteed POSITIVELY take place on the above date or the

MONEY WILL BE REFUNDED.
1st Capital Gift, \$50,000. 3rd Capital Gift, \$15,000.
2d Capital Gift, \$25,000. 4th Capital Gift, \$10,000.
Besides gifts in proportion amounting in all to

\$250,000.
Distribution to commence immediately after the Concert.

AGENTS WANTED!
Liberal Commissions to Responsible Agents.

CLUBS.
Clubs can be organized in localities where we have no local agent, and pro rata division of Gifts drawn can be made. Send for special rates to Clubs.

HOW TO REMIT TO US.
Money sent at our risk when sent by Post Office money order, draft, express, or registered letter.

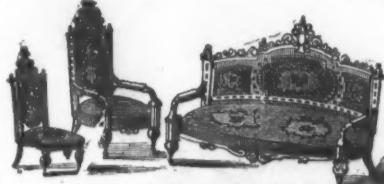
Orders for tickets sent direct to us promptly filled. Address us for Circulars giving references, manner of drawing, full particulars, etc.

Address all orders for Tickets, communications, and make all remittances of money to

A. R. COLLINS, Sec'y, DENISON, TEXAS.
N. B.—Orders for Tickets amounting to \$5 or over sent C. O. D., per express.

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,
87 and 89 Bowery, 65 Chrystie, and 130 and 132 Hester Street, New York,
(Branch Store, 81 Fourth Avenue)

STILL CONTINUE TO KEEP THE LARGEST STOCK OF

**Ocean Steamships.****WHITE STAR LINE.**

FOR QUEENSTOWN AND LIVERPOOL CARRYING THE UNITED STATES MAIL.

NEW AND FULL-POWERED STEAMSHIPS, Sailing from New York on SATURDAYS, from Liverpool on THURSDAYS, calling at Cork Harbor each way.

ADRIATIC - - - SATURDAY, May 8, at 7:30 A. M.

CELTIC - - - SATURDAY, May 15, at 1:30 P. M.

BALTIC - - - SATURDAY, May 22, at 3 P. M.

BRITANNIC - - - SATURDAY, May 29, at noon.

From the White Star Dock, 100 Wall Street, N. Y., the fastest in the trade, are uniform in size, and unsurpassed in appointments. The Saloons, Staterooms, Smoking and Bath-rooms are placed amidships, where the noise and motion are least, affording a degree of comfort hitherto unattainable at sea.

Rates—Saloon, \$20 and \$100, gold. Return Tickets, \$175, gold. Steerage at low rates.

Drafts from \$1 upwards.

For inspection of plans and other information apply at the Company's offices, No. 19 Broadway, New York. R. J. CORTIS, Agent.

PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP LINE TO CALIFORNIA, JAPAN & CHINA via PANAMA.

The magnificent Steamers of this line, comprising the "ACAPULCO," "COLON" and "HENRY CHAUNCEY," leave Pier foot of Canal Street, North River, New York, connecting at Panama with the Company's Steamers

FOR SAN FRANCISCO,
And also for Pacific Coasts of Mexico, Central American States, and for Guayaquil, Callao, Valparaiso, etc.

The Company's splendid Steamers leave San Francisco for Yokohama, Hong Kong and Shanghai, the 1st of every month.

Children under 12 years, half fare; under 6 years, quarter fare; under 2 years, free.

A competent Surgeon on board. One hundred pounds baggage free.

For freight and passage tickets, or further information, apply at the office, on the wharf, foot of Canal Street, North River, New York.

H. J. BULLAY,
Superintendent.

IMITATION GOLD WATCHES AND CHAINS at \$15, \$20 and \$25. Each Chain \$2 to \$12 to match. Jewelry of the same sent C.O.D. by Express. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular. **No Agents.** Collins Metal Watch Factory, 235 Broadway, New York. Box 3696.

\$10 PRINTING PRESS—Just Out. Prints a form 5 by 7½ inches. Send 3ct. stamp for Catalogue. W. C. EVANS, 50 N. 9th St., Phila.

BOYS' BOARDING SCHOOL \$125 from February 1st to July 4th, 1875. Great reductions; send for reference. HIRAM H. POST, Sing Sing, N. Y.

BUY J. & P. COATS' BLACK THREAD for your MACHINE.

SHIRTS Six Tuscarora.....\$12
Six Wamsutta.....\$14
Six York Mills.....\$15
Six Utica (Nonpareil).....\$16

TO ORDER. All pure linen fronts. THREE-PLY. WARRANTED A PERFECT FIT. Sent FREE OF EXPRESS CHARGES to any part of the country, on receipt of Post Office Order for the amount. Write for circulars and forms of measurement. REED'S "PREMIER" SHIRT MANUFACTORY, No. 136 Sixth Avenue, N. Y.

25 CENTS—I PACK OF MAGIC TRICK CARDS for 25 performing wonderful tricks. THE MATRIMONIAL PROGRAMME with 14 tableau pictures. 1 PACK TRANSPARENT VISITING CARDS, very nice. THE MAGIC BIRD for imitating birds, beasts, etc.; lots of fun. THE VANISHING CARTE DE VISITE, and Prof. Raymond's celebrated TRICK CARDS. Illustrated directions. All of the above six articles sent free on receipt of only 25 cents.

W. HOLT & CO.,
Box 3676, New York City.

BOOK OF WONDERS. Free. Write B. Fox & Co. 391 Canal St. N. Y. City.

LOVERS' GUIDE (new edition) 250 pages illustrated—Model Love Letters—Art of gaining love and marrying who and when you please—How to be handsome—Remedies for many diseases; also many new secrets, arts, mysteries, money-making methods, etc. Price only 10 cents.

Address, UNION PUBLISHING CO., Newark, N. J.

COMPLETE OUTFITS. Printing Presses, Type & Engravers' Boxwood, VANDERBURGH, WELLS & CO., 16 & 18 DUTCH, cor. FULTON ST. New York. Manufacturers of Superior Wood Type and Border Pattern and Brand Letters.

LOOK \$30 worth of NEW MUSIC, \$12 beautiful Portraits—all included in a year's subscription (\$2) to the MUSICAL GLOBE. We pay Agents \$4.20 per day. Sep'd for Terms. ATKINSON & CO., 18 Liberty Street, N. Y.

"**PSYCHOMANCY OR SOUL CHARMING.**" How others see may fascinate and win the love and affections of any person they choose, instantly. This art all can possess, free by mail, for 25 cents; together with a Marriage Guide, Egyptian Oracle, Dreams, Hints to Ladies, etc. 1,000,000 sold. A queer book. Address, T. WILLIAM & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

BLAKE'S PATENT Stone and Ore Breaker Crushes all hard and brittle substances to any required size. Also any kind of STONE for Roads and CONCRETE, etc.

Address, BLAKE CRUSHER CO., New Haven, Conn.

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR, 87 and 89 Bowery, 65 Chrystie, and 130 and 132 Hester Street, New York, (Branch Store, 81 Fourth Avenue)

STILL CONTINUE TO KEEP THE LARGEST STOCK OF
PARLOR, DINING AND BEDROOM
FURNITURE,
Mattresses, Spring-Beds,
Etc., Etc.

Of any House in the United States, which they offer to Retail at Wholesale prices.

Agents Wanted.

Agents Wanted Salary or commission. Address, COWAN & CO., Eighth St., N. Y.

\$15 A DAY. Employment for all. Patented Novelties. Send stamp. GRO. BETTS, 543 Broadway, N. Y.

\$10 TO \$25 per day. Send for Chromo Catalogue. J. H. BUFFORD'S SONS, Boston, Mass.

STOP Write for the latest. No humbug. Mammoth outfit, 25c. FRITCH & WALKER, Dayton, O.

AGENTS Send stamp for Illustrated Catalogue. Boston Novelty Co., Boston, Mass.

\$60 TO \$90 a week and expenses to all. Articles new, staple as flour. Samples free. C. M. LININGTON & BRO., 490 Broome Street, N. Y., or Chicago.

\$2400 Yearly to Agents. 88 new articles and the best Family Paper in America, with two \$5 Chromos. Family Journal, 300 Broadway, N. Y. Sample free.

\$250 A Month—Agents wanted everywhere. Business honorable and first-class. Particulars sent free. Address, J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

\$350 A MONTH.—Agents wanted. 10 best selling articles in the world. Sample free. Address, J. BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

FREE circulars of our new Chromos and twenty-one other salable novelties for Agents. Sample, 10c. ROE & SIMPSON, 105 John Street, N. Y.

\$10 A day. Employment for all. Patent Novelties. Largest Stationery Package in the World mailed for 15 cts. G. L. FELTON & CO., 119 Nassau St., N. Y.

The TOLL-GATE! Prize Picture sent free! An ingenious gem. 50 objects to find! Address, with stamp, E. C. ABBEY, Buffalo, N. Y.

\$77 A WEEK to Male and Female Agents, in their locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars FREE. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine.

"ART OF CANVASSING, or AGENTS' AID." This little work will enable any one to make a living. By mail, 25c. Send stamp for circular. NEW YORK BOOK CONCERN, 7 Warren St., New York.

WANTED 79 MORE YOUNG MEN TO LEARN Telegraphy. Good situations guaranteed. Address, with stamp, SUPERINTENDENT U. T. CO., Oberlin, O.

\$2,500 A YEAR. AGENTS WANTED. Owing to the wonderful success of our great 50 Book Combination, we have been induced to enlarge it, and now offer a grand Combination Prospectus representing

150 DISTINCT BOOKS wanted everywhere. It is the biggest thing ever tried. Sales made from this when all other books fail. Also Agents wanted on our Magnificent Family Bibles. Superior to all others. Full particulars free. Address, JOHN E. POTTER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

A SPECIAL AGENT

Is wanted immediately in each city in the United States of 10,000 inhabitants and over, to sell and control a new 50 cent article without competition, for the Summer trade, which is wanted in every dwelling, store and office. The cash capital required will be from \$30 to \$300, depending on the size of the city. This offers to men of energy, and the requisite capital, a rare chance to do a profitable and very pleasant Summer's business. Each agent will have the control of the city assigned to him. For particular address, MANUFACTURER, care Box 2481, St. Louis, Mo.

THIRTY-SIX FIRST-CLASS MEDALS.**AUSTRIAN BENT-WOOD FURNITURE.****THONET Brothers,**

From Vienna.

BRANCH HOUSES

IN

London,

Paris,

Berlin,

St. Peters-

burg,

Brussels,

Moscow,

Hamburg,

Amster-

dam,

HAVE OPENED A

Branch House for the United States</

JOHN GOSNELL & Co's



The most delicious and efficacious dentifrice known.
It strengthens the Gums, whitens the Teeth, preserves the Enamel, and leaves a delicious fragrance in the mouth.
Endorsed by the most eminent Dentists of Europe and used by all the Courts thereof.
Sold by all Druggists and Perfumers.

KAY'S COAGULINE
UNITES CHINA & BROKEN GLASS
OF THE BEST CEMENTS
WITHOUT EXCEPTION FOR
JEWELERS PURPOSES

SARATOGA LAKE.—FOR SALE, ON THE Banks of Saratoga Lake, the Schuyler Mansion and Grounds, containing about thirteen acres, beautifully located, adjoining the residence and grounds of Frank Leslie, and near Moon's, the celebrated drive and resort for Saratoga's fashionable society. Offered at a bargain by the executors to close an estate. For further particulars, price, etc., inquire of

HOMER MORGAN, No. 2 Pine St.

FAIRPORT NURSERIES.

Fruit and Ornamental Trees,
Vines, Shrubs, Roses, Etc., Etc.
Grown with the utmost care, and ready for Spring delivery.

GRAPE VINES
Of the best leading kinds, including one year EARLY CHAMPION, hardy, productive and very early; well adapted to the North; quality good; ripens Sept. 1st. Also, the AGAWAM, two and three year vines, early, hardy and productive; keeps from September to April in perfection with ordinary care; quality excellent.

First-class Vines delivered by mail, post-post, \$1 each; per dozen, by express, \$8. Other stock at reasonable rates. Send for Price-list and References.

J. Y. PARCE, Fairport, Monroe Co., N. Y.

KITCHEN OUTFITS

From \$30.

Dinner Sets, 100 Pieces, \$16.50.
Silver Tea and Coffee Sets, Triple Plate, \$23.50.
Refrigerators, best in the world, \$5 up.
All kinds first-class Housefurnishing Goods, China, Glass and Silver Ware at equally low prices at

Edward D. Bassford's,
Cooper Institute, corner Third and Fourth Avenues, New York. Catalogues mailed free on application.

THE WENCK PERFUMES

80 DISTINCT ODORS,
Including the Celebrated

Gilsey House Bouquet.

STRICTLY THE FINEST GOODS MADE.

TEFFT, GRISWOLD & CO.,
448 & 445 Broadway, N. Y., Agents.

RHODODENDRONS
And other PLANTS and TREES.
S. B. PARSONS & SONS, near Kissena Station, Flushing, N. Y.

KENTUCKY STATE LOTTERY!
Single Number Scheme.

(Authorized by Special Act of the Legislature.)
For the Benefit of the University of Paducah.

\$300,000 to be distributed among the Holders of Tickets.

FIRST PRIZE, \$50,000

THE DRAWING TO TAKE PLACE AT COVINGTON,
Ky., MAY 29th, 1875.

No discount on Prizes—Every Prize paid in full.
SIMMONS, DICKINSON & CO., Managers.

SCHEME.

1 Prize of \$50,000 is.....	\$50,000
1 Prize of 20,000 is.....	20,000
1 Prize of 10,000 is.....	10,000
5 Prizes of 5,000 are.....	25,000
10 Prizes of 2,500 are.....	25,000
50 Prizes of 1,000 are.....	50,000
50 Prizes of 500 are.....	25,500
50 Prizes of 250 are.....	12,500
100 Prizes of 100 are.....	10,000
5,000 Prizes of 10 are.....	50,000

APPROXIMATION PRIZES.

4 of \$3,000 Approximating to \$50,000 are \$12,000
4 of 1,625 Approximating to 20,000 are 6,500
4 of 1,000 Approximating to 10,000 are 4,000
5,280 Prizes amounting to \$300,000

Whole Tickets, \$10; Halves, \$5; Quarters, \$2.50.

Remember that every Prize is drawn, and payable in full without deduction. These Drawings are never postponed, but take place regularly the last Saturday of each month. Send for circular.

Address all orders to

SIMMONS, DICKINSON & CO., Covington, Ky.



LANDAUET WILLIAMS, "RESIGNED," RECEIVES A "CHARACTER" FROM HIS LATE MASTER.

Willcox & Gibbs.

The only Standard Sewing Machine REALLY

Silent and Light Running.

MAKES A SECURE SEAM IS SAFE FOR WOMEN IS EASIEST TO LEARN

And, for families and many manufacturers,

HAS NO RIVAL!

MAIN OFFICE: 658 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Branches in all leading cities.

CAUTION!—BEWARE OF UNPRINCIPLED DEALERS who Japan old and worn-out Machines, and palm them off as new, or "nearly new." Also, buy none but **Genuine Needles**. Every Needle made by us is stamped on the shank, "Pat. March 19, 1861." All others are worthless.

GOOD AGENTS WANTED.

ROSES.

SEEDS.

PLANTS.

BULBS.

8 Beautiful monthly Roses in 8 sorts; pot plants ready for immediate flowering sent postpaid for \$1.

17 Monthly Roses by mail, \$2.

12 Assorted Bedding Plants, by mail, \$1.

25 Choice Varieties of Vegetable or Flower Seeds by mail, \$1.

Send for Illustrated Catalogues.

BENJ. A. ELLIOTT & CO.,
114 MARKET ST.,
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Genuine FRIEDRICHSHALL Bitterwater.

A mild and the best aperient in the world. Restores the appetite, removes biliousness, keeps the head clear, the blood cool, without weakening the system. Certified by Baron von Liebig to be a most salutary and beneficial water.

For sale by all leading retail grocers and druggists; to the trade only by BOUCHE FILS & CO., Sole Agents, 37 Beaver Street, N. Y.

MAGIC LANTERNS and Stereopticons of all sizes and prices; Views illustrating every subject for Parlor Entertainments and Public Exhibitions. Pays well on a small investment. Catalogues free. MCALISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

KNABE Grand, Square, and Upright Pianos.
NEW YORK HOUSE, No. 112 FIFTH AVENUE.
WM. KNABE & CO., Baltimore and New York.

CONSTANTINES FOR TOILET, BATH & NURSERY, SOLD BY DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS.

Pommery "Sec" Champagne.

HENKELL & CO. HOCK WINES.

Journe Freres Claret Wines.

CHARLES GRAEF, Sole Agent.

65 BROAD ST., NEW YORK.

SILVER PLATED WARE

MANUFACTURED BY THE

Meriden Britannia Co.,

550 BROADWAY, N. Y.,

Factories: WEST MERIDEN, CONN.

SOLE PROPRIETORS AND PATENTEES OF THE

CELEBRATED PORCELAIN-LINED

ICE PITCHERS

Cleaner, Lighter and more Durable than the Metal-lined. The Porcelain is enameled on hard metal, and CANNOT BE BROKEN OR CRACKED BY ROUGH USAGE.

In addition to an unrivaled variety of FINE ELECTRO-PLATED TABLE WARE, we offer a new line of

FORKS and SPOONS,

Extra Heavily Plated by the NEW PATENT PROCESS, which deposits the silver and requisite thickness on the parts most exposed to wear.

They are UNEQUALLED for durability by any made by the old process.

SPOONS and FORKS plated by this improved method are stamped:

1847---ROGERS BROTHERS---XII.

SILVER-PLATED PORCELAIN-LINED

ICE PITCHERS.

THE LATEST IMPROVEMENT AND THE BEST ARTICLE MADE.

TIFFANY & CO.,

UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

HAVANA LOTTERY.

NEW SCHEME.

DRAWINGS EVERY SEVENTEEN DAYS.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.

Organs & Melodeons,

The Oldest, Largest, and Most Perfect Manufactory in the United States.

55,000

Now in use.

No other Musical Instrument ever obtained the same Popularity.

Send for Price Lists.

Address, BUFFALO, N. Y.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.

We announce that (until further notice) we will sell to applicants in any city or town where we have no agent on the same terms and at the same discounts as to large dealers who purchase from \$30,000 to \$50,000 annually.

The fact of ours being the oldest and largest manufactory in the United States, with 55,000 instruments now in use, is a sufficient guarantee of our responsibility and the merits of our instruments.

GEO. A. PRINCE & CO.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S STEEL PENS.

Sold by all dealers.

Wholesale Warehouse, 91 John St., N. Y.
JOSEPH GILLOTT & SONS.

SEEDS for 1875.

J. M. THORBURN & CO.,

15 John St., New York.

Will mail to applicants, free of charge, their New Catalogues of

VEGETABLE SEEDS,
FIELD SEEDS,
TREE SEEDS,
FLOWER SEEDS,
SPRING BULBS,
Etc., Etc., Etc.

STEWART'S SLATE & MARBLE MANTEL

220 & 222 WEST 23rd ST., N.Y.

BONA FIDE!

55,000

Estey Organs

TO-DAY

Sing their own Praises.

MANUFACTURED BY

J. ESTEY & CO.,
Brattleboro, Vt.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

HAVANA LOTTERY.

NEW SCHEME.

DRAWINGS EVERY SEVENTEEN DAYS.

842 Prizes, amounting to.....\$480,000

1 Prize of.....100,000

1 Prize of.....50,000

1 Prize of.....25,000

2 Prizes of \$10,000 each.....20,000

1 Prize of.....5,000

10 Prizes of \$1,000 each.....10,000

111 Prizes of \$500 each.....55,500

715 Prizes of \$300 each.....214,500

Circulars with full information sent free. Tickets for sale and prizes cashed by P. C. DEVLIN, Stationer and General Agent, 30 Liberty St., N. Y.

STAMMERING Cured by Bates' Patent Appliances. For description, etc., address, SIMPSON & CO., Box 5076, N.Y.

Excelsior Do Your Own Printing Portable \$3 Press for cards, labels, envelopes, etc.

Business Men do their printing and advertising, save money and increase trade. Amateur Printing, delightful pastime for spare hours. BOYS have great fun and make money fast at printing. Send two stamps for full catalogue presses type etc to the Mfrs.</p